

BRITANNIA

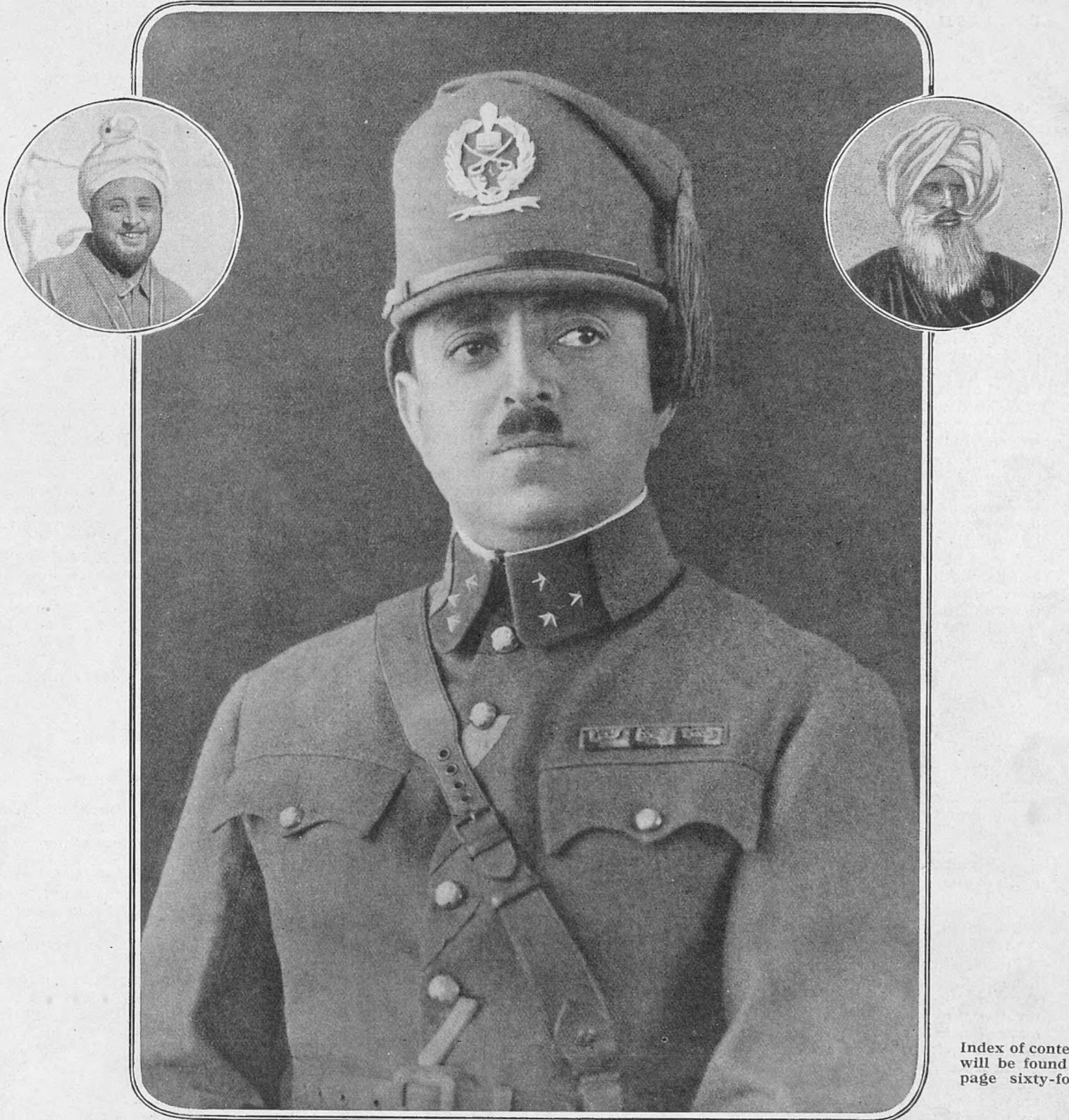
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page sixty-four.

Ex-King Amanullah, lately the guest of King George, returned to Afghanistan determined to uproot age-long prejudices and impose upon his people the amenities of Western Civilisation. He failed, abdicated and fled. His brother (inset left) succeeded him and reigned for three days, to abandon the throne to Habibullah, a tribal Chieftain, of whom the inset (right) shows a typical example. Now Amanullah is seeking to regain his Kingdom, and civil war is rife on the Indian frontier.

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OUR INCOMPETENT PARLIAMENT

WHY is it that when Parliament reassembles we shrug our shoulders and turn more quickly even than before to the sporting pages of our favourite daily newspapers? After all, it is *our* Parliament. We elect it. We pay for it. Without our support, which just now is taking an unpleasantly practical form, it could not exist for a single hour. Yet we feel quite detached from it, and when we are roused from our normal attitude of indifference we become definitely critical.

We used to have an easy explanation. It used to be—and only a few years ago—not Parliament, but the Government which was wrong. In the old days one half of the country was always perfectly satisfied. Their friends were in opposition, and it was therefore quite natural that the country should be moving, however slowly, in the direction of what Mr. Micawber called the "demnition bow-wows." And then when the Opposition "came in" and the other side "went out," the other half of the country had their innings.

It was all quite simple. Widows, orphans and hen-roosts might feel the pinch, but every patriotic Englishman—a class which properly includes not only all Englishmen but a comparatively high proportion of our alien population—was satisfied that in a year or two all would be well again. It is only now that we are beginning to learn that it is all an illusion, and for this we have to be profoundly grateful to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Let us pay our tribute with a good grace!

The need for it is not far to seek. However they vote and whatever they say, there is in these islands not even a considerable minority of Socialists. Those who still cling to the old illusion that all they have to do to rid themselves of the manifest evils from which they or their neighbours are suffering is to change "the government," can only do so by surrendering to another illusion, namely that the Labour Party is not a Socialist party. Indeed some of us are already trying to pretend that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues are merely the old-fashioned "alternative government" of amiable and patriotic citizens, whose one aim, despite their piratical guise and their incendiary slogans, is the preservation of law and order, the rights of property and the sanctity of the home.

Who Represents Us?

BUT how many of us really believe this? And if we did, what justification could we find? The answer is that no man who has honestly and impartially studied the programme of the Labour Party can possibly believe that they are anything but a definitely revolutionary party. Give them a majority, and they will have no alternative, whatever the wealthy Mr. X or the mild-mannered Mr. Y. may wish, but to put their programme into action.

But if then we cannot be justified for a moment in adopting the old-fashioned remedy of "giving the other fellow a chance," how are we to purge ourselves of our contempt for the present House of Commons?

THE solution will be found, not in considering the programmes of alternative Government, but in considering Parliament

itself. The peculiarity of Parliament is that it is supposed to represent us. Does it? How many of us know our local M.P. by sight? This may seem a trivial objection, but it is surely a practical one. And the same man is supposed also to represent a district, called in electioneering language a constituency. How many of us know the boundaries of the constituency in which we live?

The plain fact is that the modern M.P. represents no one, which might not matter very much, and he represents nothing, which matters a great deal. The modern constituency is neither an economic nor a social unit. It harbours half a hundred different groups, each with separate interests, each speaking a different language, each with a different store of experience—and often very valuable experience—which could be placed at the disposal of the public if it were represented. But it is not.

The Wrong Type of Expert.

"AH, but the ordinary M.P.," some one will say, "is a very clever man. He may not actually represent his constituency—I agree that that would be impossible—but he is an expert on all sorts of things." The House of Commons itself has not been slow to adopt this line of defence. Within its sacred precincts, "experts" thrive and win golden opinions.

No debate on the Army Estimates is complete without the intervention of half a dozen retired colonels, and when education is the topic the voice of the superannuated schoolmaster is loud in the land. As for the business men, their views on the need for a lower income tax are never in doubt, while their anxiety for the safeguarding of their own industry knows no bounds. But these are not the type of expert which we need.

As experts there is not one in a hundred members of Parliament who could keep his place if it were filled by intelligent nomination. What is still more to the point, *there is not one in fifty who could keep his place if it were filled by election on the grounds of expert qualification.*

THE only people whom the present House of Commons pleases are the front benchers. The reason is that the House is not in fact qualified to criticise the kind of work which a modern Government has to carry out. It is a haphazard collection of extremely intelligent but utterly helpless amateurs, and even those with a little knowledge are not really dangerous to a Government which can draw on the unlimited resources of a professional civil service and on members of advisory committees, not only for its facts but for its conclusions. *By sticking like glue to the territorial basis of representation the governing clique have ensured that they shall never have to face informed criticism.*

The only exception is provided by the solid phalanx of Trade Union Members who do not, of course, represent their constituents but do represent an organised body of informed opinion. Unfortunately the divorce between labour and management is so complete that Trade Union opinion is little better than any other non-expert opinion on the broader questions of industrial policy. Not being worried by criticism, the Front Benches have thus deprived themselves of the only check on demagoguery. This is the crying evil.

Wanted—the Best Brains.

WHAT of the remedy? Hot-heads may cry out for a restriction of the franchise, but a moment's thought will show that what we are suffering from is not too much representative government, but too little. *What we have got to do is to make the vote effective. The commonsense of the British people will do the rest.*

The first essential is to secure the direct representation within or side by side with Parliament, of all sections of informed and responsible opinion, be they trade unionists, farmers, industrialists, retailers, scientists or lawyers. Such representation will provide our Governments with criticism which is at once informed and fearless, which will not be swayed by the ordinary political emotions, but will be acutely responsive to the needs of the real national interests which they are there to serve.

The problems of government to-day need not only the best brains but the best technical brains for their solution. We have to create machinery which will enable us to utilise such brains and will, in fact, force the executive to listen to them without sacrificing our freedom by handing one concern after another over to casual bodies of irresponsible "experts."

Our problem is half solved when we realise, as every open-minded man and woman does to-day, that the machinery which serves admirably for taking a plebiscite of the nation on some broad single issue of universal interest is utterly unsuited, by its very nature, for providing us with legislators equipped for the highly technical task of governing an Empire.

BRITANNIA'S DIARY *A Critical Survey of Current Events*

The Prince and the Coalfields—The World of Politics—The Afghan War

I AM glad that the Prince of Wales is visiting the Northern Coalfields, and if his visit does something to speed up the administration of the relief fund he will have rendered another signal public service. The work calls for administrative talents of the rough and ready kind, which are so much in request in wartime and tend, on the whole rightly, to get into disrepute in times of peace.

But these are not times of peace in Northumberland and Durham, and it is a little strange that one of the first-class administrators thrown up by the war emergency has not been called upon to help Mr. Curtis

The proverbial wild horses could not, of course, drag from us the identity of our correspondent "Westminster." Sufficient to say that he is extraordinarily well-informed, and that his comments and criticisms will be written from a strictly non-party angle. He will broadcast every Friday on BRITANNIA'S wave length—"Fair, Frank, and Fearless."

The Big Five.

THE great Bank chairmen have begun their annual cataract of optimism, and even Mr. McKenna has produced a tolerable imitation of a cooing dove. Bank deposits are going up, and bank profits are going up, and the banks, in short, are doing very well indeed. Naturally in a world where the banks can sell their money as dearly as they like and no one else can even get their production costs back again, the Bank Chairmen are contented. But what about us?

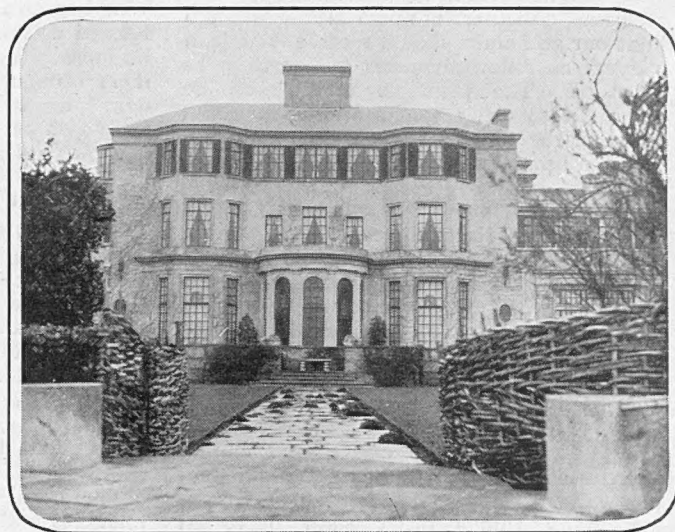
Mr. McKenna gives interesting figures of the activities of his own bank, the most surprising feature of which is the small amount of the loans made, the average among 180,000 borrowers being only £1,200. The disquieting feature, according to Mr. McKenna, is the increase in money on deposit. This is partly due to the lack of facilities for using money in production and partly on the banks' disinclination to lend too high a proportion of their assets to traders in times of trade depression. So here we have once more our old friend the vicious circle.

The Afghan Frontier.

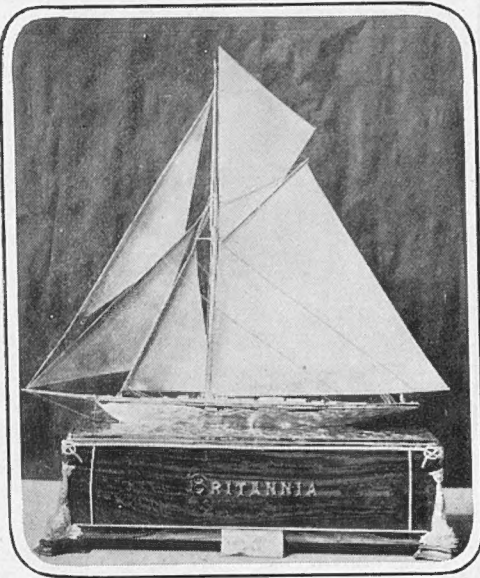
IF I find little understanding here of the real significance of what is going on in Afghanistan. The Afghan frontier on the Indian side is not made by God, but by man. For long periods of history Afghanistan and

the Punjab have been one empire, and as recently as 1797 the Afghan empire included Sindh, Karachi and Kashmir.

The predominately Moslem people of the Punjab and of Sindh are spiritually, historically, racially and geographically more united to Afghanistan than to a British India ruled by a Hindu Government engaged



Craigweil House, near Bognor, where the King will recuperate. The house has a beautiful terrace walk overlooking the sea.

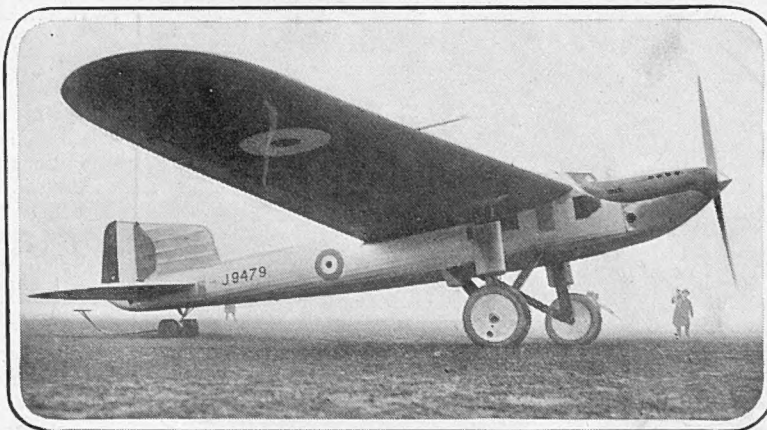


Presentation model of the King's yacht "Britannia." The "Britannia" has sailed in 344 races and won 215 prizes. The model shows the "Britannia," close hauled, with the wind on the port bow.

Bennett, the secretary of the fund. Mr. E. F. Wise, who has the practical problem of the distribution of necessities at his finger ends, would have been an admirable choice, and his well-known labour sympathies would have made him *persona gratissima* with the miners' organisations.

The World of Politics.

WE inaugurate in this issue a new feature which we believe will prove of immense value to all our readers. Busy people have no time to wade through pages of Hansard and columns of journalistic propaganda (often highly coloured) in order to ascertain what is going on in "The World of Politics." Therefore we propose to provide, under this heading, a weekly digest of happenings in and out of Parliament, together with "inside" information not usually made available to the public.



The British monoplane specially built for the attempt to secure the world's duration record without re-fuelling. Over 1,000 gallons of fuel will be carried in the wings.

in monkeying about with the remains of an empire. There are men in Afghanistan and west of Afghanistan who know this.

A civil war in Afghanistan may mean nothing. But if it ever comes to mean an appeal to history as opposed to "Western" influences it will mean a great deal. Unless, of course, "Western" influences are kept in their place on both sides of the frontier.

Ranji and Ourselves.

PUBLIC opinion should be alive to the very serious situation which is growing up between the Indian Princes and the government of India. The subjects of the Princes are chiefly agriculturists, and their need is for cheap imports of cotton goods and machinery. These interests are being sac-

ficed to those of the Indian industrialists in Bombay and Bengal who demand, and have been granted, a high tariff, equally to the disadvantage of Manchester, Sheffield and the Native States.

The latest dispute is with no less enthusiastic a loyalist than the Jam of Nawanagar, who has spent large sums in developing his port of Bedi-Bunder (his state is one of the few which has its own sea-coast). The government of India first insisted on the same tariff being charged as in Bombay and now claims virtually the whole of the revenues. At present it looks as if the Government claim will prevail by force majeure.

Come to Britain.

IT is satisfactory to learn that, unlike some projects which are announced with much flourishing of trumpets, the organisation of the "Come to Britain" movement is taking definite shape. We in England are, of course, so familiar with our national treasures of which the countryside is not the least, that we are apt to treat them with contempt. At the same time we are conceited enough to think that the whole world should know about them.

In point of fact, we have more to offer the tourist than we imagine and a great deal more than he is aware of. Publicity can bring the traveller here. But when he comes we must needs offer him a friendly welcome, and there is much in a suggestion that our golf clubs should receive American players as fellow-members rather than as strangers. The principle might well be extended to other sports and even social clubs in the same way as the Savages are already linked up with kindred spirits in New York.

Nasty Novels.

THE first crop of 1929 novels suggests that the exploitation of moral waywardness for the purpose of financial gain has not yet abated. I suggest "exploitation," for I do not for one moment believe that the minds of some contemporary writers are so steeped in filth as they would have us believe. The argument that the rottenness they portray actually exists, and should therefore be set out in lurid colours, does not warrant serious consideration, for there are many things other than perverted immorality that decent people decline to discuss simply because they are foul and nasty.

The plain fact is, of course, that novelists write filthy books simply because they think filth pays. This may be a testimony to their commercial instinct, but it is sheer hypocrisy to cloak it with an altruistic motive.

Opium's Over-rated Evils.

THE attention of the League of Nations Committee on Opium has been drawn to the excessive opium smoking which is taking

place in Hong Kong. This argues a lack of efficient control. Those well-meaning reformers who would dock John Chinaman of his opium are up against a problem the magnitude of which they cannot know. And yet in well-regulated Eastern countries opium has no deleterious effect on its habitual smokers. *Chandu* shops are licensed in much the same way that public houses are licensed in this country, but with this difference: the amount of *chandu* (prepared opium) is strictly rationed by a Government Controller according to the known number of opium smokers in the town or district.

This plan works well in most countries in which it is in force, and has the great advantage of providing substantial revenue. Whether this system is in force in Hong Kong I do not know, but if it is there must be loose and inefficient administration, for it is obvious that the so-called "opium dens" are being over-rationed. It seems a simple matter to cut down the monthly allowance of opium.

The Afghans' Little War.

HAVING tasted blood, the Afghans are apparently settling down to one of those entertaining little civil wars whereof Mexico seems of late years to have enjoyed a monopoly—the crisis in China has, of course, much more behind it than mere rival ambitions. It will obviously be difficult for Amir Habibulla to maintain himself in power, for, after all, he has little more to recommend him than any other brigand chieftain. Amanullah must necessarily enjoy considerable prestige, despite his mistakes and his abdication, and if he can find the wherewithal to pay his troops, his chances of regaining the throne are by no means negligible.

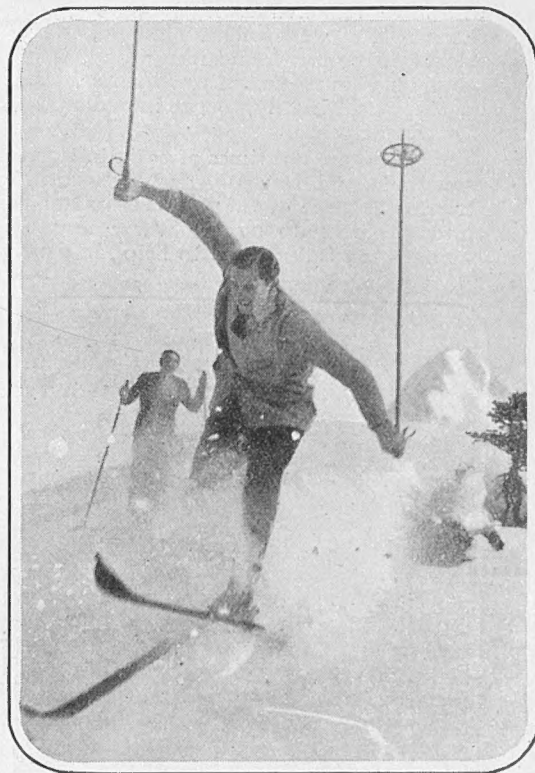
Come what may, however, it will be interesting to remember the avidity with which the stupid reports that Great Britain had engineered the whole conspiracy were taken up in both France and Germany. I hope the lesson will not be lost on Downing Street. It certainly encourages us to think once again of a policy of splendid isolation in European politics.

International Hugaboo.

A COMMITTEE of international Jurists

is to meet at Geneva next week to prepare the way for a World Conference on international law. The term has always seemed to me a foolish one. Nations may agree to adopt what procedure they like, and to acknowledge such rights as they like,

Britannia



An "infernal" attitude. Lord Knebworth practising for the Inferno ski-ing club race at Mürren, the stiffest of its kind.

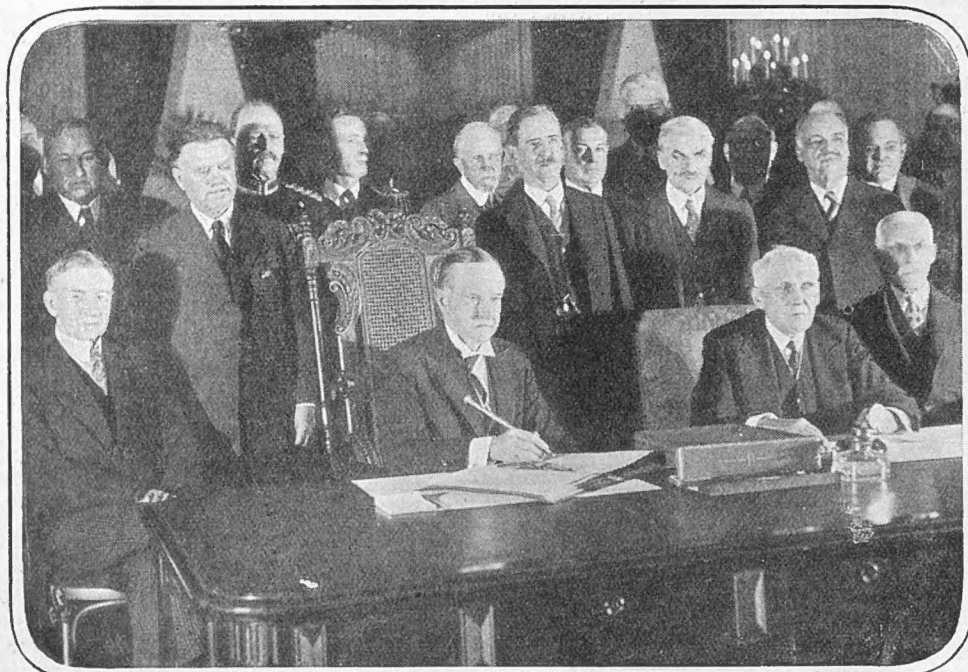
but their attitude must always be determined by the character and policy of the State they are dealing with, which may change from decade to decade.

In national life we submit to the Sovereignty of the State and the rule of law because we change the character of both. We cannot change the character of other nations, however, so we must and do hold ourselves free to change our own attitude to them. Not until we have a federation of nations can we have any international law, which can be called such, without leading to confusion of thought.

Weakness of British Films.

I HAVE seen several British films of late which have left me wondering whether all the molly-coddling lavished upon this industry is likely to accomplish its purpose. Compared with the cosmopolitan productions which emanate from Hollywood, or, for that matter, with the thoroughbred German films, the direction seems inefficient, the lighting faulty, and the photography, at times, positively bad. The acting, particularly of our ladies, is often stilted, and there are incongruities which, pardonable enough when perpetrated in America, cannot be excused in an English picture.

For example, a coach flashed past me the other day bearing one man in top hat and frock coat, another in plus fours, and the rest in flannels. We must really do



President Coolidge signing the Kellogg Peace Treaty at the White House, Washington. Seated on his left is Mr. Kellogg.

Diary—continued

better than this. Then, again, our lovers should remember that the little pecks that pass for kisses in polite society fail to satisfy the couples who have invested their shillings to obtain amorous inspiration. Apparently, the proper way to kiss a girl on the screen is to eat her. I commend the idea to our budding Menjous.

The Lesson from Iraq.

IT will be unfortunate if our disagreement with the Iraqi Government serves to strengthen the hands of those factors in this



A typical Wahabi raider.

country which demand the complete withdrawal of British influence from Mesopotamia. A glance at the map should be sufficient to indicate the folly of this proposal if the Empire is to be maintained in being, apart from which it would be the worst possible service to the Iraqi themselves. Steadily, if slowly, order is being evolved out of chaos and the country set on the road to prosperity. Withdrawal would involve a definite menace to our Imperial communications and hand the land back to lawlessness, inefficiency and a definite risk of conquest by the Wahabi.

Curious that, with all our experience, we should have had more than a fair share of trouble with our Colonies, Protectorates and mandated areas of late years. The French have faced greater initial difficulties—as, for example, in Syria—and ridden roughshod over them with conspicuous success. The explanation is that the Oriental still respects a master. Rule! Britannia!!

Mr. Wilder's Escape.

MR. THORNTON WILDER whose books, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *The Angel that Troubled the Waters*, have brought him fame and more than a small fortune at the age of thirty-one, is off to Greece to get the right atmosphere for a novel he is writing. But, as he said the other day, he is leaving England because he is tired of life in large hotels and not a little embarrassed by the "lionising" to which he has been subjected.

Mr. Wilder, contrary to general belief, has not abandoned his career as a schoolmaster. In a year's time he returns to his school in New Jersey. It was at Princetown, before he became a schoolmaster, that Mr. Wilder wrote the plays in *The Angel that Troubled the Waters*. These he read aloud to a debating society at Princetown, but no one was very much impressed!

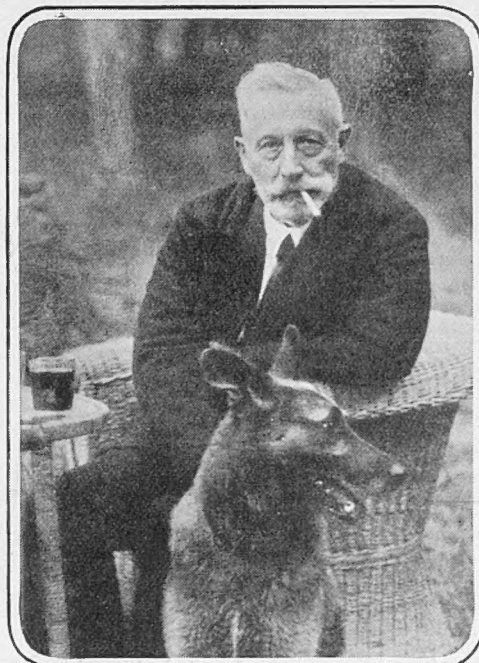
The Freedom of the Seas.

I DO not imagine that anyone expected Ambassador Houghton and Sir Austen Chamberlain to do more than skate over the problems of Anglo-American friendship when they met at Birmingham on Saturday night. And skate they did in approved diplomatic fashion over the thinnest of ice. Sir Austen opened boldly, and when he unhesitatingly conceded the principle of naval parity, one wondered for a few minutes how far he was going. But he went no farther.

The truth is, of course, that the issue is no longer a matter of ship for ship, or ton for ton. What is agitating American opinion is the whole question of the Freedom of the Seas. They maintain that freedom for ships carrying American merchandise is as important as freedom for ships carrying British foodstuffs—in other words, that America has the right to send her produce into a belligerent country, even if that country is at war with Great Britain. This argument admittedly involves a departure from the time-honoured British thesis. It is a difficulty which ought to yield to friendly discussion, but it has got to be faced. Perhaps Mr. Hoover will make a clean sweep of it.

Brains: An Object Lesson.

SIR ARTHUR KEITH is still seriously worried about his brains. Men of science, he has just told the Royal College of Surgeons, do not receive attention in this country, and he commends to us the example of Soviet Russia, who is spending as much on the examination of Lenin's brain as a Western government might spend on a battleship. (Incidentally, one would not gather from this that the Soviet Government's military



The ex-Kaiser who has just celebrated his 70th birthday in exile at Doorn.

expenditure is, in hard fact, higher than that of any Western government.)

Unlike Lenin's, Anatole France's brain was quite exceptionally small, but Sir Arthur thinks that this may be due to the fact that he was a novelist, a trade which demands "a lack of reticence and self control." He shares this view with many modern authors. Lenin's reticence was, of course, as proverbial as that of Sir Arthur himself.

Sunshine in Abingdon Street.

IT has recently been announced that out of 150,000,000 people in Russia, only 800,000 belong to the Communist Party.

These figures have, we understand, filled Sir Herbert Samuel with great optimism for the future of the Liberal Party in this country. With only a little more democracy, he feels, the turn of his party must come.

The End of Feminism.

ON the Thursday of last week, when 5,000,000 new women voters found their names on the electoral registers for the first time, a lunch was held to celebrate the final triumph of woman's suffrage. They might as appropriately have celebrated the death of feminism. The fanatics who denounced "man-made laws" and promised a millennium as a result of "votes" for women, have passed out of political history.

The numerous high-minded and disinterested men like John Galsworthy, Laurence Housman, H. N. Brailsford and Henry Nevinson who helped them, remain to contemplate the uninspiring working of what to them was a mere matter of justice, and to us to-day a mere matter of machinery.



Mr. G. S. Jagger, the sculptor, at a new job—designing fountain nozzles for Lady Melchett's garden.

THE Labour Party

And Its

LEADERS

THE imminence of the General Election is involving all the political world in anxiety, and it affords a welter of inconsistent predictions.

Will the Conservative Party be returned with an independent majority? If not—since it is certain that the King's Government must be carried on—will that Party, if by a fraction the largest in the House, undertake the management of affairs almost as a minority Government; or will Mr. Lloyd George realise what surely must be the summit of his ambition and establish a Liberal element of 70 or 80 members to act as the honest brokers of politics?

Let me at once make it plain that, in my opinion, the last contingency is unlikely to arise. Consistency, of course, counts, and always must count, for little in politics, otherwise one might usefully recall that Mr. Lloyd George himself once dramatically exclaimed "Never again will we make the mistake of putting a Labour Government in power!"

Mr. Lloyd George, however, might easily change his own mind. He has done so before. Most of us who have been prominently engaged in politics have done the same, but, in my anticipation, assuming even that the Liberal Party in the House counted as many as 80 or 90 members, at least half of these would come into the new parliament pledged not to give a vote the result of which would be to place the Socialist Government in power. If this expectation is well founded, the instrument would splinter in Mr. Lloyd George's hands at the very moment when it was necessary for him to employ it with decision.

I therefore gravely doubt whether a Socialist Government depending upon Liberal support—or even assenting with grave reluctance to a Liberal-Labour Coalition—is a likely consequence of the General Election.

Labour's Hopes of Victory.

WE most of us on the contrary hope—and it is still permissible to believe—that the Election will result in a Conservative majority strong enough, however small, to conduct the affairs of the nation for some years. But political speculation is always interesting. We are told that the leaders of the Labour Party are full of confidence. To this it might, perhaps, be replied that to my certain knowledge they were equally full of confidence at the last General Election. Since then they have gradually mustered up courage enough to make a purge of their extremist elements.

In the industrial North they will undoubtedly make considerable progress. The new feminine vote is incalculable. It is, however, already evident that all the experts have entirely under rated the numbers of women newly enfranchised.

Let us then, if only as a speculative essay, attempt to foresee the future as that future will develop if—contrary alike to our hopes and our expectations—the Labour Party be returned to office by a small independent majority.

My old friend Lord Rothermere has recently replied to some friendly observations of mine upon his own political position. He derides me, as a member of the Cabinet, with having assented to what he calls the Flappers' Vote. I was in Madeira when Lord Rothermere's article appeared, and had not

the opportunity of reading it until my return, otherwise I should have pointed out, while he was still in the country, that no paper contributed more powerfully to the success of the Unionist Party at the last election than *The Daily Mail*; yet at the very moment that Mr. Baldwin received this most welcome support he publicly announced, with the authority of all his colleagues of the Shadow Cabinet, that he and they were pledged to complete electoral equality between men and women. I thought it then, and think it now, a foolish, premature, unnecessary, and perilous commitment; but Lord Rothermere, who knew of its existence as clearly as I did, nevertheless supported in a critical election the Government which was in honour committed to this pledge.

Where are the Modern Cromwells?

NOW Lord Rothermere says that he cannot trust the Conservative Party to carry out his campaign against socialism. Politics, as the late Lord Morley pointed out, are largely a question of compromise and of alternatives. The present Government may be the inadequate trustees of an anti-socialist system, but where is Lord Rothermere travelling in his effort to discover a more effective substitution? He says that Sir William Joynson Hicks is pledged to introduce his old Factories Bill if the Conservative Party is successful at the Polls. To Lord Rothermere this is a detestable threat, but it is nevertheless quite certain that such a Bill in an aggravated form (from Lord Rothermere's point of view) would receive the support of both the Labour and the Liberal Parties.

What is Lord Rothermere going to do about it? We know that he opposes the Conservative Party; he has told us that he is opposed to the Socialist Party; can he possibly oblige us by saying whether he has received an assurance from Mr. Lloyd George that no Government of which he is a member, or which he supports, will introduce a Factories Bill resembling that (perhaps exceeding that) of the present Home Secretary? The fact that I am personally not enamoured of this particular Bill does not diminish the value of this logical test of the way in which my old friend's mind is moving.

He says that nobody can save England but Mussolini or Poincaré. This may be true, but where are we to find our up-to-date Cromwells? At the very moment when this stern and melancholy ultimatum is delivered to the British nation, both Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook have taken ship for tropical oceans, blue skies and sun-embraced islands, and so the remnant of our fog-submerged population must work out its own salvation.

WHAT then, of the Labour Party? Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a man, in my opinion, of dignity, poise and responsibility. If he goes off the rails (as he is quite capable of doing) it will be because of the impossible constitution of his own Party machine. It will be because the Prime Minister and his Cabinet are not necessarily masters in their own household. It will be because there is a power behind the throne. If I read Mr. Ramsay MacDonald aright, he would rather sacrifice his own career than see the interest of England or the Empire—as he

By the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead

G.C.S.I., P.C.

understands them—betrayed. But he must be surrounded, in spite of his recent pledges, by many men, some of whom must become members of his Cabinet, over whom his control is partial and incomplete.

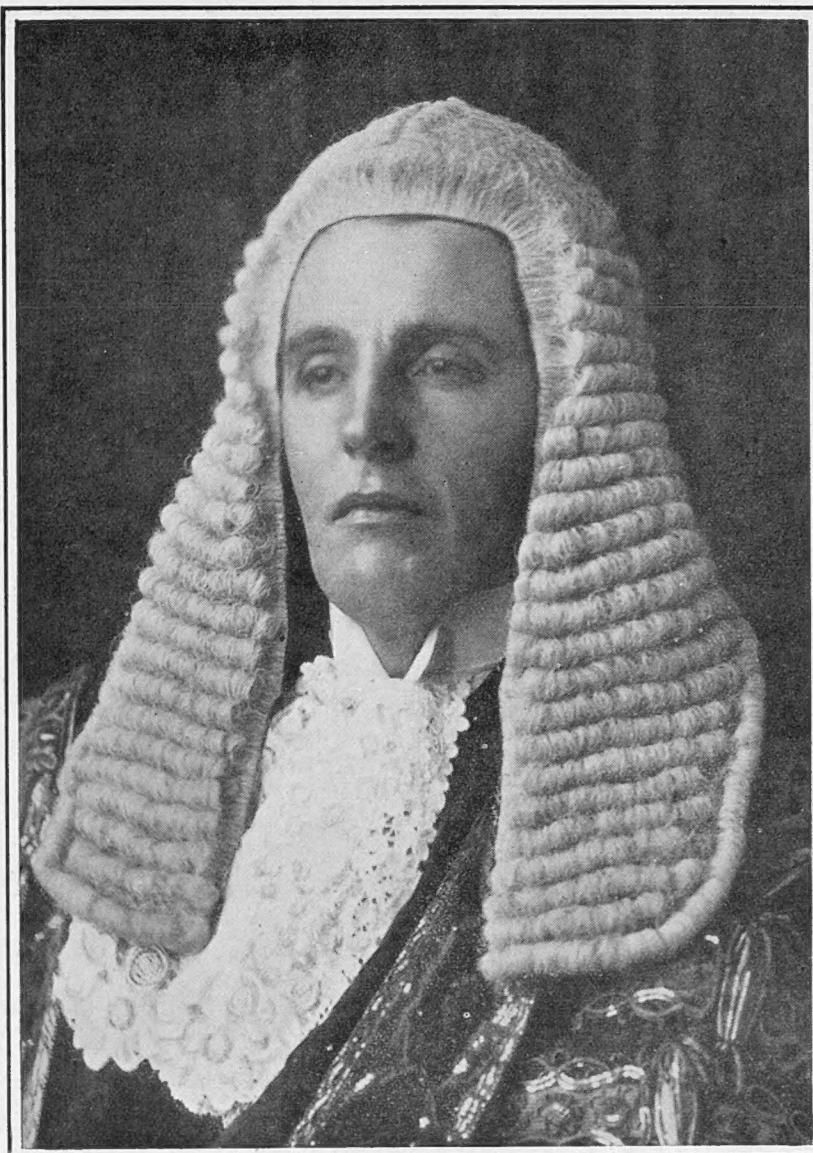
Mr. Thomas as Premier.

Mr. J. H. Thomas is one of the most efficient, and one of the most subtle of his certain colleagues. Most public men have their poses. Mr. Thomas's particular pose is that of being undignified. He is not a serious man, but he is a serious, a courageous, and quite a calculating politician. It has even been rumoured that he could be persuaded, if the necessity arose, that the sceptre might usefully be placed in his own very willing hands. He would be a very interesting Prime Minister. I could think of many worse, but he would be at once both a novelty and an experiment. He is at least very honest, and very popular.

An equally arresting figure in the Labour Party is that of Mr. Snowden. He has maintained a life-long struggle against physical disabilities which has excited equally the admiration of his friends and of his opponents. In intellectual power, I put him in front of any of his colleagues, but he has the most amazing limitations. Although he would indignantly disclaim the charge, it is nevertheless indisputably true that he is more a Gladstonian Liberal than anything else. He is inevitably destined to come into sharp collision with the growing protectionist tendencies of the artisan classes. He is in fact, a completely *démodé* Cobdenite.

The Aunt Ellens.

OF the older men of the Party, Mr. Henderson and Mr. Clynes certainly deserve a word or two in friendly mention. Each of them rendered notable service to the nation at a moment of grave public danger when many forces conspired to estrange them from the national executive. But it is none the less true that the parliamentary outlook upon each of them is not in the least serious. They are, so to speak, the Aunt Ellens of an old-fashioned comedy, who turn up whenever they are wanted, make old-fashioned remarks, and can always be relied upon to exercise the duties of Victorian chaperonage. And after all,



BIRKENHEAD FOR BRITANNIA.

We publish in this issue Lord Birkenhead's first article since his return to London. Lord Birkenhead will henceforth contribute exclusively to BRITANNIA a weekly commentary on current affairs, political and otherwise.

No elector can claim to be well-informed unless he reads Birkenhead in BRITANNIA.

Order BRITANNIA to-day.

in that party there is much to chaperone.

In the improbable event therefore, of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald finding himself in a position to form an independent Government, what would be the result of the mix up? There may still remain after the General Election Mr. Maxton; though this would not appear to be certain. Would he, if successful at the Polls, be a member of the Cabinet? Would this make for harmony? Would Colonel Wedgwood, most likeable of men, be retained? He has every recommendation except that on every conceivable subject under the sun he is invariably wrong; and he is the most dangerous of all politicians, because he is not only wrong, but emotionally (often attractively) wrong upon any topic of real importance.

The Missing Lord Chancellor.

AND what is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald likely to do (what indeed, will he be compelled to do) in order to strengthen his well-disciplined, but very senile team in the House of Lords? He must find a Lord Chancellor. No lawyer known to me who is at this moment an avowed member of the Labour Party could be appointed to the Woolsack without something approaching a public scandal. Possibly the precedent—a very fortunate one—adopted by the late Labour Government when they appointed Mr. Macmillan to be Scottish Law Advocate without political responsibility might be repeated.

In such a case, the appointment of a judge such as Mr. Justice Sankey, or of one of the very able judges of the Court of Appeal would not, in my

opinion, affront either the legal profession or the community as a whole; but, if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is ever confronted by this grave responsibility, he will, if he is as sensible a man as I think him, make an immediate non-party arrangement with his opponents which will secure the opportunity to the Government of the day of nominating Lords of Parliament for a limited period.

The present Government introduced proposals for the reform of the House of Lords which could, with a little contrivance, have been made the basis of a permanent and valuable compromise. The inexperienced folly of some young members of the Conservative Party defeated these proposals. Their successors—and if they live long enough in Parliament (which is unlikely)—they themselves, will live to regret their folly.



PARLIAMENTARY opinion is divided about broadcasting politics by wireless. There is a suspicion that more harm than good will be done; and some natural jealousy. The first three-cornered debate broadcast on the Derating Bill is considered to have been a failure. None of the three parties took it seriously enough, and the broadcasters chosen didn't carry heavy enough metal.

Admirable as are the two members of Parliament, Sir Kingsley Wood and Mr. Arthur Greenwood, in committee, neither had ever broadcast before, nor have they good broadcast voices, a little matter which had been overlooked by the Party organisers.

The Liberals are furious with Professor Ramsay Muir, their champion on this occasion. He had the best delivery of the three, but he only said ditto to Greenwood, and hardly criticised the Labour Party at all. They feel that the effect on those who stood the ordeal long enough to wait for the Liberal contribution was to make them wonder what is the use of the Liberal Party and how much does it differ from the Socialists? And this is the one impression that the Liberals must avoid giving.

One result of the experiment has been to strengthen the opinion of that body of members who are opposed to broadcasting Parliamentary proceedings from the House itself.

Neville Chamberlain's Methods.

THE intellectual supremacy of Neville Chamberlain in his Party is becoming very marked. No politician has improved his position so rapidly within recent years. He is like a child whose mental development has been slow, but is all the more solid in consequence. But, greatly as he is respected, Neville Chamberlain will never win the affection of the rank and file members of his Party as Baldwin and Bridgeman have it to-day, or be loved as Asquith was loved by the Liberals he led. For one thing, Neville is too ruthless with his critics.

Take the vexed question of rating relief for the brewers and whisky distillers. Chamberlain, in introducing the Derating Bill, admitted that it must be full of imperfections because of its very magnitude, and invited the help of all sections of the House in improving it. Yet, whenever any group of well-meaning Conservatives have offered constructive suggestions, he has

torn and rent them and damaged them more cruelly than he has the official Opposition.

Thus the forty members who desired to leave the brewers and tobacco manufacturers out of the benefits of the Bill were deadly serious, and Colonel Gretton, who is widely respected as an elder Statesman with no axe to grind, and who speaks for the purist sect of the Conservative Faithful, had issued a very plain invitation to the Government to drop the unwanted relief for the great and prosperous trade he represents. The least Chamberlain was expected to do was to leave the matter to a free vote of the House, and there is no doubt as to what the decision of the majority would have been.

As for the argument that the relief of the brewers was part of the very basis of the Bill, this is no use to hard-pressed Conservatives fighting for their political lives in the forthcoming Election; which illustrates another defect in Neville Chamberlain's able and well-ordered mind. He is lacking in political sense, and doesn't understand how to appeal to the emotions of the new democracy. Some of his best friends gave him a warning to this effect after the Debate.

Taxpayers and Derating.

SO far most of the opposition to the Derating Bill has come from the Labour men and their friends in the municipalities who fear that it will hamper communal experiments in local government. The economists are now taking alarm owing to the financial effects of the successive surrenders by the Minister. It is true that the Treasury will find up to one shilling per head of the ratepayers to indemnify them against growing local expenditure, but as these services increase, the £24,000,000 provided for the derating of factories will represent a far greater slice out of local revenues, and there is no promise that the Treasury will make it up.

Already the taxpayers will have to find £41,000,000 a year, of which £32,000,000 is new money. Hard-pressed business men feel that what they gain by derating will be lost in higher taxes, of which the petrol tax is only a forestalment; to which the official reply is that trade and employment will be helped. But difficulties are appearing already.

Femimine Amenities in the House.

ONE of the first effects of the "flappers' vote" is that the Conservatives from the textile districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, where there is much female labour, are demanding that in the famous formula "weighting" the assistance to be given by the Treasury to distressed areas a new factor of unemployed women must be taken into account.

The textile workers have for long practised family limitation so that the housewives can work in the mills. And as these textile members will need every help they can get at the coming Election they will not easily be put off, which will mean another drain on the Treasury.

It might be supposed that the advent of the 5,000,000 new women voters would have had a good effect on our lady members. Instead they squabble in public, to the enlivenment of our Parliamentary proceedings, but not to the enhancement of their order. The two millionairesses, Miladies Iveagh and Astor, oppose each other from the same side of the House on every possible occasion.

Thus Lady Astor is a Prohibitionist, Lady Iveagh most emphatically not. Lady Astor wants a percentage grant for the maternity centres; Lady Iveagh supports Neville Chamberlain with the block grant. Ellen Wilkinson irrelevantly accuses them both of thinking more of their money than of the welfare of the expectant mothers. They retort that Miss Wilkinson is childless so knows nothing about it.

Miss Lawrence's Dignity.

MRS. Runciman maintains an ineffective silence, and Mrs. Hilton Philipson has faded away from the scene altogether. Mesdames Astor and Wilkinson seek the limelight on every occasion, appropriate and inappropriate, and the Duchess of Atholl, the first woman to hold office in a Conservative Administration, has missed a great chance both in the Government and as one of the official delegates on the League of Nations Assembly.

Only Miss Lawrence justifies herself by unceasing industry, great knowledge of her subjects, and unflinching dignity. She scorns old Parliamentary tricks, such as wearing other people's hats in order to raise points of order after divisions are called, and has really saved the case for women's membership of Parliament.

Divided Liberals.

WITH Mr. Lloyd George away for his health the Liberals are all at sixes and sevens. Their Whips don't function, and Ernest Brown, their only active member on the Derating and other Bills, has incurred the jealousy and hostility of his English colleagues because he happens, by accident, to sit for a Scottish constituency.

Walter Runciman, experienced, a successful business man, and always listened to with respect at Westminster, has kept right out of the discussions on the main measure of the last Session of this Parliament, and his wife follows her lord's example. The few active Asquithians who haven't gone either to the Conservatives or to Labour are out of joint with the Georgians, and the best of them, young Garro-Jones, not seeking re-election, has already shaken the dust of Westminster from his sandals.

CANADA *and the* UNITED STATES

By WILLIS J. ABBOT (*one of the foremost political writers in the U.S.A.*)

CERTAIN matters of joint interest to the Dominion of Canada and the United States are now being discussed both officially and unofficially on both sides of the border in a way that seems likely to bring new illustration to the admirable statement of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, recently made at the Albert Hall, that: "The moral boundaries of countries no longer march necessarily with their political and physical boundaries. They overflow, and all forms of international co-operation are springing up to-day in the most unexpected places."

Rum-running and Radio.

THESE questions involve the co-operation of the Dominion in checking the smuggling of liquor from its territory into the United States; the settlement of diplomatic questions relative to the creation of a deep waterway along the St. Lawrence River from the Great Lakes to the sea; and the allocation of wave lengths for the use of radio broadcasting concerns in both the Dominion and the United States. Unless great care is taken to maintain the diplomatic proprieties and to avoid anything which seems like unfairness, serious estrangement may result from any or all of these problems.

To take the last topic, and the one which to the ordinary individual seems the least important, first, this question of allocating short wave lengths is one that is full of international dynamite. The number of such channels is physically limited. The exclusive right to any of them is perhaps a thing hard to determine. Governments, however, have set up the doctrine that they have an inherent right to classify and to allot such channels of communication to private organisations which exploit them.

Both the United States and Canada have radio commissions. The question has, of course, arisen as to the proportion in which the available wave lengths should be divided amongst the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and Newfoundland, the independent nations of this continent.

Monopolising the Air.

IN one conference held on the subject, the Canadian proposition was that one-half the lengths should be awarded to the United States, and the other half divided among the other countries. The United States urged that it should have two-thirds, leaving one-third to be divided among the other countries. While this is pending, the United States Radio Commission made certain allotments, which, being incorrectly reported in Canada, seemed to indicate a purpose practically to hog the entire number of channels available.

I am sure that this is not the case, but for the purpose of this article I desire to point out that the incorrect report reaching Canada led to immediate resentment on that side of the border. The *Ottawa Journal*, for example, an influential paper at the Dominion Capital, seizes upon this apparent purpose of the United States Government to monopolise the air as a text for a bitter editorial, insisting that by way of retaliation Canada should do nothing to check the flow of illicit liquor into the United States from her ports.

For the next few years the diplomatic relations between the United States and Canada will be as delicate as those of Europe.

An Obvious Scandal.

NOW at the very moment that this issue was so unfortunately raised, diplomatic representatives of the United States and Canada were discussing amicably the question as to the extent to which the Dominion Government could co-operate with the United States in checking this liquor smuggling. There is, at the moment, every reason to believe that a *modus vivendi* will be discussed by which, without surrendering in any degree its national dignity or authority, Canada can check the obvious scandal of clearing vessels of all sizes laden with intoxicating liquors for United States ports, knowing perfectly well that no such vessels can enter such a port without seizure and forfeiture of its cargo.

The United States Government is not blind to the difficulties in the way of such an agreement, but it finds encouragement in the very great strength of the anti-liquor sentiment in Canada, where

to-day its sale is either prohibited altogether, or monopolised by the provincial government, and, furthermore, in the recent pronouncement of the Court of Appeals in London, that the action of British subjects in aiding such smuggling is "an offence against our notions of public morality." Probably, if the subject remains free from antagonistic sentiment aroused by disagreement on other issues, a harmonious settlement can be reached.

St. Lawrence Water-way.

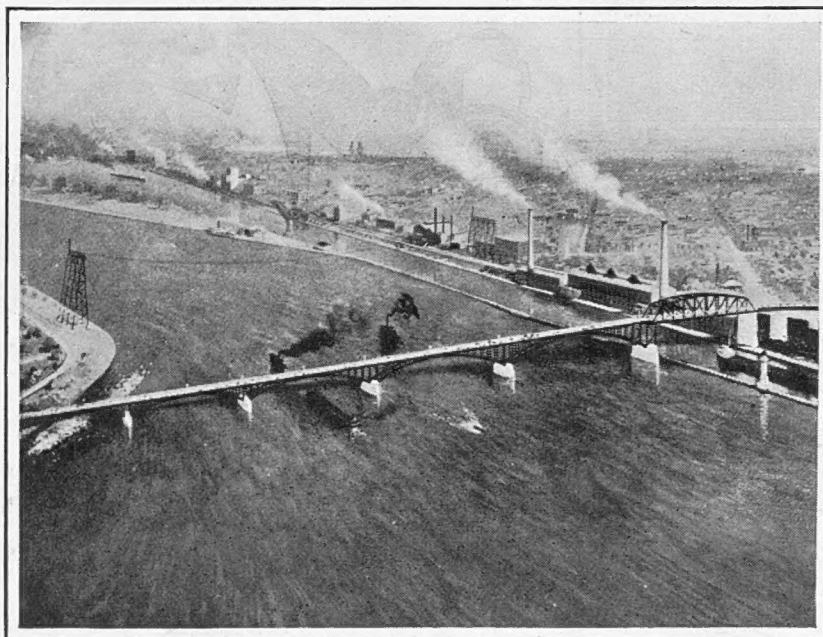
AND again there comes up the question of the development of the St. Lawrence waterway. This was to some extent an issue in the recent Presidential campaign in the United States. Mr. Hoover, the successful candidate, urged it. Governor Smith advo-

cated the enlargement of the New York State barge canal, so as to have a ship canal wholly within the United States territory. Probably the issue had no bearing on the outcome of the election, but it does leave the incoming Administration pledged to the St. Lawrence waterway. There has developed, however, in Canada, a certain degree of antagonism to the plan.

People who are peculiarly sensitive to anything that savours of closer relations with the United States say that, like Sir Wilfrid Laurier's advocacy of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1911, support of this international enterprise would probably drag down the party maintaining it. There are influential power interests in Montreal that would be adversely effected by the development of a waterway incidental to a canal project, and they could be relied upon to supply campaign funds for the party in opposition. Moreover, there is less need for power on the Canadian side than on the United States side of the river.

An Uncertain Future.

ACCORDINGLY the agreement upon this project between the two nations is going to require not merely protracted diplomatic negotiations, but political activity and favourable action in the Dominion itself. And everything, therefore, which tends to estrange the two peoples, like the question of radio wavelengths, that of the smuggling of liquor, the rigorous protective measures taken by the United States against Canadian products of agriculture and fisheries, will all have a tendency to create friction and to delay action.



The Great Peace Bridge connecting Buffalo (right) with Fort Erie, Canada.

The FUTURE of TAXATION

By the Rt. Hon. William
Graham, LL.D., M.P



Mr. Graham, who was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the Labour Government of 1924, discusses taxation problems and says that for any message of the slightest value to-day we must look beyond these islands.

experience!), the Debt will be repaid in approximately fifty years.

In other words, for practically the remainder of the present century we have this static element in the Budget, in which the relief in taxation is somewhat slow and laborious. Of course, the great bulk of the Debt is held within the country; the interest and redemption payments are presumably spent usefully, in the main, or reinvested; but there is, nevertheless, a real burden in a National Debt. Of itself this item makes difficulty in the outlook for taxation.

The Cost of Armaments.

THEN armaments are still running off with nearly £120 million per annum. At that figure the expenditure has apparently been

America will probably continue to regard the war debts as commercial rather than political propositions.

Interest at £300 Million.

TAKE, for example, the position of the Debt. It is now £7,700 million. Since the war concluded we have paid off some hundreds of millions; but on paper we owe perhaps more than we did at the beginning of the enterprise. For several of the recent loans have been issued at a discount. Conversion schemes are saving little in annual interest charge. British credit is good compared with that of other nations; but for the time being it is not equal to better results in the treatment of the Debt.

Now the mere interest costs us £300 million every year. The sinking fund has been fixed at £65 million. In other words interest and sinking fund cost the taxpayers almost exactly £1 million per day. On the present basis, and assuming that there is no fresh borrowing (almost incredible in British

stabilised. Idealists are frankly disappointed with the results of disarmament conferences. Pacts are signed; but internationally the expenditure—and the consequent taxation—continues. Debt service and armaments together mean more than £480 million every year at the present time.

The third large item is the outlay on the social services—education, pensions, public health, police and other effort. It is now £230 million each year, on a modest estimate. To an appreciable extent this outlay is governed by the level of prices. The Government and the local authorities are always

WHAT of the immediate future of British tax-

ation? The reply is neither simple nor encouraging. For we must remember that the World War effected a revolution in British public finance. During the six years of its heaviest expenditure we spent more as a people than we had done in the whole of the preceding two-and-a-quarter centuries!

Exclusive of the contributions of the Dominions and the Allies, the war cost this country more than £10,000 million. So vast are the figures that we hardly understand them. But they dominate our Budgets. And for many years they will govern our expenditure and our taxation.



large purchasers of goods and services. Business men generally do not wish further fall in prices, at all events on deflationary lines; the protests reaching the Government and the Bank of England are strongly critical of the credit policy of recent years. But whatever view we take of that, lower prices are not likely to save much more in this sphere. As with the Debt and with armaments, policy is the real consideration.

In this way we have added up more than £700 million of outlay; from the other angle, annual taxation. The Post Office and the Road Fund are self-supporting items. But, if we take them and one or two smaller propositions on the old basis of comparison, we come to the £830 million which every year at present the taxpayers have to find. And, taking a line through the figures of the past three or four years, that is the total which appears to have been stabilised.

The Burden of Rates.

MOREOVER, that is not the end of the taxation. For £170 million, compared with £80 million before the war, are now raised annually in local rates, in many cases an even greater burden on industry than some forms of national taxation. In round figures an aggregate of £1,000 million every year in rates and taxes; or say £920 million if we put the Post Office and the Road Fund in their separate compartment.

Few members of the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons—and it is there that the real review of British expenditure now proceeds—would say that they see any prospect of early alteration of that load. Consider some of the factors.

In the Debt we are under obligation to America for the next sixty years—till 1984. By that time we shall have repaid the £900 million we borrowed during

the country, therefore, debt is not the hopeful field.

Work before Relief.

IF reality takes the place of lip-service to peace in the disarmament conferences we might save money. The effort should be of a determined character. Much depends on the view which the nations take of security. They can hardly go on spending large sums each year in a field which, by common consent, is largely unproductive.

And, in the social services, the aim should be work rather than relief; and the creation of capital assets of value to the economic recovery of Great Britain rather than of debt in the unemployment insurance and other funds. Happily, in all parties there is growing appreciation of the weakness of post-war policy in this sphere. How many remember that since 1918 we as a nation have spent nearly £700 million in various forms of assistance for which there was neither labour nor asset. That sum is equal to half the value of British railways. It is three-and-a-half times the whole of the pre-war Budget.

And there are many administrative changes which might help the taxpayers. For example, income tax concessions on earned income stimulate effort. And Britain may be compelled, in the national interest, to prevent the misdirection of considerable sums in new capital to enterprises which are either wasteful, cannot succeed, or should make way for schemes, especially in the heavy industries, which are

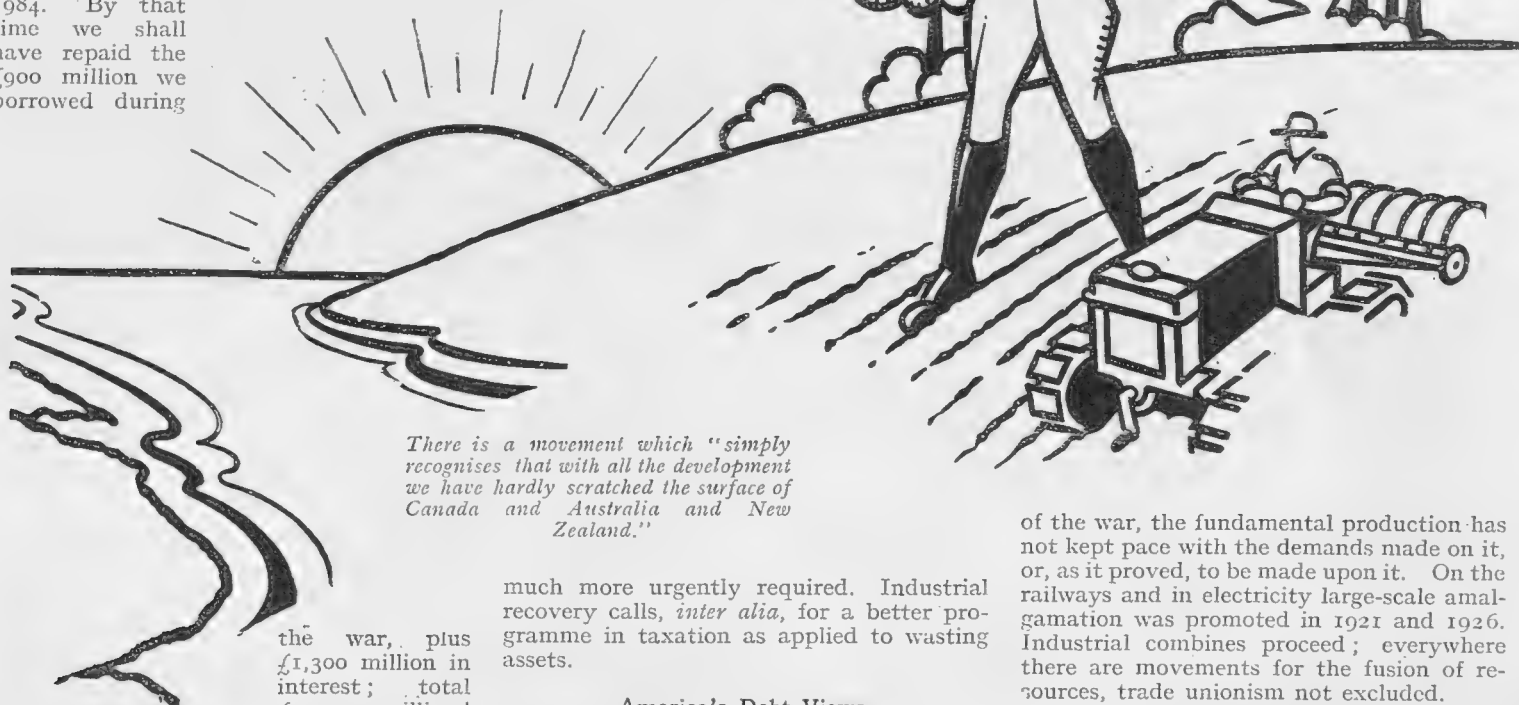
revision of German reparations means little to us, save the prospect of an increase in our load; on balance Germany may pay less each year rather than more, and in any event Britain as an exporting country, and an island, is peculiarly exposed to the doubled dangers of reparation payments.

America will probably continue to regard the war debts as commercial rather than political propositions. At home the social programme is substantial. And no Government is likely, save within narrow limits, to modify it; two possible Governments at least have resolved to extend it.

Fusion of Resources.

ALL analysis throws us back on the importance of this greater industrial productivity. A recent comparison of American and British output in the period 1907-24 showed that in the seventeen years the United States (making all allowance for numerous advantages compared with this country) showed far greater general progress in proportion. In Great Britain output had improved by probably 19 per cent.; but when machinery and other factors were taken into consideration experts felt that the advance per head had in that period been very small.

In short, over years which were exclusive of war conditions, and then in a period in which our burdens were enormously increased because



the war, plus
£1,300 million in
interest; total
£2,220 million!

From Europe we cannot at best get more in annual repayment than we have undertaken to pay to America. That is our bargain. And it includes the yield of German reparations, again in the melting pot.

In the nearly £7,000 million of internal debt we might speed up the repayment. But that would not within the next ten years or more lighten the burden of taxation, for the heavier repayment of debt would have to come from some form of taxation, whether surtax or anything else. Inside and outside

much more urgently required. Industrial recovery calls, *inter alia*, for a better programme in taxation as applied to wasting assets.

America's Debt Views.

WHEN, however, everything has been said under these heads the fact remains that our industry and commerce must, by drastic reorganisation, now generally called rationalisation, fit themselves for the easier assumption of the annual burden which Great Britain is probably destined to carry.

Why destined? Because all Parliamentary and other analysis shows that, try as we will, we have committed ourselves to a very heavy share of the financial obligations of the World War. In actual taxation the

of the war, the fundamental production has not kept pace with the demands made on it, or, as it proved, to be made upon it. On the railways and in electricity large-scale amalgamation was promoted in 1921 and 1926. Industrial combines proceed; everywhere there are movements for the fusion of resources, trade unionism not excluded.

Develop the Riches of Empire.

SO much for the solid facts. There is a happier side. Irrespective of party there is now in Parliament a definite movement for the better development of the resources of the British Empire. It recognises that with all the development we have hardly scratched the surface of Canada and Australia and New Zealand.

For any message to taxpayers of the slightest value to-day we must look beyond these islands.

WAR on the STAGE

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

IT seems a strange thing at first glance that plays about the Great War should not generally be more effective and successful. Even after the lapse of some ten years, the War still appears easily the most prodigious event in the lifetime of anyone and everyone old enough to remember it—which, for an intelligent recollection, does not necessarily presuppose an age of more than, say, twenty-six, while to many even younger it may be far more than a faint memory.

Anyway, even if the junior members among theatre audiences should not have the feeling of direct personal contact with this world-shaking business, they could hardly avoid, one would imagine, some realisation of its immensity, both as a catastrophe and as a field for great and heroic human adventure.

A Boycott Lifted.

Nor is the War any longer boycotted as a subject for fictional art. For some years after the Armistice finally dropped the curtain on the long-drawn-out tragedy, there certainly was a tendency in many quarters to try and forget, or rather ignore its existence, to make that final curtain a "safety" one, emotion-proof.

Owing to its international repercussions, it could not be excluded from our political news, but the entertainment-mongers—doubtless after satisfying themselves that

In spite of some excellent war plays, war, however treated, is not to-day a popular subject for drama. The real reason for this is still to seek.

they had accurately tested the public pulse—decided, almost unanimously, that it should not be allowed to figure on their programmes, at any rate as a serious topic. So the publishers turned down war books and the managers turned down war plays, with comparatively few exceptions, and for a time any fictional effort on these lines was almost as unpopular as an ex-Service man asking for a job.

Spate of War Books.

But latterly there has been a notable change, particularly in regard to books. About a year ago, especially, there was a perfect spate of real books about the War—by which I mean, neither the official volumes detailing military operations from the H.Q. perspective of the "Red Hats," nor novels in which war was a picturesque incident of the plot but actual,

they had accurately tested the public pulse—decided, almost unanimously, that it should not be allowed

frank descriptions by those who saw and endured it in the front line, with all its sickening horrors, abysmal fears and almost incredible futilities. Especially there remain in my mind two of these: *The Somme*, by A. D. Gristwood, and *A Subaltern on the Somme*, by Mark VII, the straightforwardly narrative method of which is more deeply impressive and moving than any romance.



Maurice Evans as the Lieutenant and H. G. Stoker (right) as the Colonel in a scene from "Journey's End."

"Journey's End."

War plays have been less numerous, but a fair number have made their appearance. The latest is *Journey's End*, by Mr. R. C. Sherriff, which was put on at the Savoy last week, after a private production by the Stage Society in December, when I made a brief reference to it. It is rather an interesting example of its kind, because it illuminates very strongly one possible defect in plays about the War.

It is admirably written, and admirably acted. The scene throughout is a dug-out in the British trenches before St. Quentin in March, 1918, and the chief characters are a group of half-a-dozen officers and a soldier servant. Among them is a young company commander of great gallantry, who, after four years of it, drinks hard to keep his nerves up to the mark; a mature schoolmaster of quiet bravery; a stolid ranker sub.; an enthusiastic newcomer straight from school; and a weaker vessel who feigns illness in the hope of getting away before the big attack.



What every officer remembers: a drink in the dug-out mess.

Brilliant Realism.

Their talk is excellently, even brilliantly life-like. Heroics are hidden under trivialities. We hear of earwig races across the table, in which the "steeds" are stimulated by whisky. The schoolmaster lieutenant discusses pigs and gardening, and reads *Alice in Wonderland* before he goes out to die in a raid.

That very quietness and restraint heightens the consciousness of the tragedy waiting outside. There are one or two violent outbursts, it is true, among the cave dwellers, but all are really united against the common menace, which, by the end of the play has taken its toll.

The War as "Villain."

The whole thing rings emphatically true. But in spite of the faithfulness of the picture, it moves our admiration as a picture rather than as a drama. Partly, perhaps, because one feels the dramatist has been a little overborne by one of his main characters, not mentioned on the programme, but real "villain" of the piece—the War.

To make war dramatically interesting, one must link it up closely with other and more normal forms of life. In this way there will be more possibility of evolving some meaning; of striving to formulate some kind of philosophy of war.

"The Unknown Warrior."

It is because it does try to pierce beyond the sordid, agonising facts, and to sound some clarion note beyond the actuality of apparently senseless sacrifice that *The Unknown Warrior* seems to me far and away above any other war play I have ever seen—in fact, the only one in which a great subject is treated in a worthily great way. The persons in this play, originally written in French by M. Paul



THE LADY WITH A LAMP. Miss Edith Evans as the youthful Florence Nightingale.

Raynal under the title *Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe*, are only three in number—the Soldier, the Father, and the Betrothed.

The Soldier—most finely played in the English version last year by Mr. Maurice Browne, who is now presenting *Journey's End*—is a private in the French Army who returns to his home on leave in October, 1915. He has only got his leave by volunteering for an expedition which means almost

certain death; but his desire to see the girl he loves again is so overmastering that he agrees to the conditions. Then, when he arrives home, he finds that already a message has come for his recall. He spends one night of love with his betrothed, and then sets out again to meet his fate.

Noble Dignity.

It is, in itself, a simple however heart-piercing story, but the noble dignity of its language in the agonised yet steadfast Soldier's effort "to make some sense of it," raises it to heights that can be truly called sublime, without ever losing touch with humanity.

The Soldier who, one feels, is not only himself, but a symbol of millions of others, has no grandiose illusions about war, yet he accepts its ruthless demands. "It is for the future that we undergo the disgrace of war." Not altogether without faltering; he has his moment when he prays that the cup may pass from him;

but in the end he goes off head high to his doom.

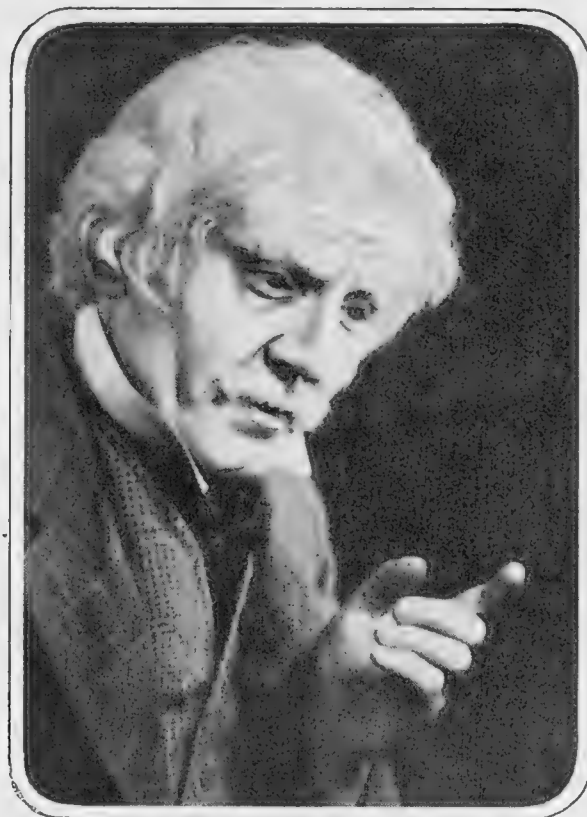
There is here no sort of picturisation of actual warfare and its appurtenances beyond the uniform that the Soldier dons and dons again, but it is a truer, more convincing dramatisation of war than one may find in a play more realistically representational, trafficking in heart-beats rather than the beat of the drum.

A Blinded Hero.

Other war plays of the last few years have included *Havoc*, in which the blinding of one officer and the shell-shock of another, were used with theatrical effect; and *The White Château*, in which Captain Reginald Berkeley attempted something more thoughtful, but did not quite get it across. In *The Enemy*, Mr. Channing Pollock tried to evolve a philosophy of war as seen from (I think) the Austrian side, but unfortunately, he had nothing to say that was not of the most obvious and trite.

Of others that have got beyond the portals of the Sunday societies, *The Return*, by Mr. Charles Bennett, in which a young officer came back from the dead, dealt with problems of the after life rather than the War, and the same may be said of that much more nearly successful piece *Thunder in the Air*, by Mr. Robins Millar. In *The Return of the Soldier*, by Mr. John van Druten (who, by the way, is English, not American nor Dutch), the War again was only an incidental of the plot.

Whatever be the reasons—and no manager has yet conclusively plumbed the currents of the public mind—it would seem clear that the War, however treated, is not to-day a popular subject for drama. Whether it ever will be, who can tell?



DR. SUTHERLAND (Henry Oscar) in "The Lady with a Lamp."



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE as an old lady.

LIFE *and* LAUGHTER

The Sincere Verger.

A SCOTTISH minister, who had worked hard in his parish for a long year, was feeling the effect physically, and saw that unless he took a holiday he would have a breakdown. This holiday was not forthcoming as several sources of his income were still outstanding—pew rents were in arrear, and he could not afford to go away.

The sympathetic old verger, fully alive to the situation, had a long chat with the minister, and after promising to do his best with the pew rents, successfully persuaded the minister to take his long-earned rest. The minister returned from his holiday and found a pile of letters waiting for him.

On opening them he was delighted to find them containing the very welcome pew rents. The Squire's contribution was there; he recognised his ecriture, but collapsed when he read his postscript, which read:—"Allow me, sir, to point out that the word 'Lowsy' has a 'w,' and that there are two 'b's' in 'b——.'"

Father's Surprise.

TOMMY was the son of a mother who, like many more, did not understand him. He was always into mischief in his mother's eyes; but really he was using his unspent energies adventurously.

One day, following one of these adventurous exploits, Tommy's mother waxed

Everyone knows at least one good story which no one else has heard! Why not send it to BRITANNIA? Stories submitted should not be more than 250 words in length and those published will be paid for and at usual rates.

angry, reached down the cane and pursued Tommy in a very threatening manner. Tommy ran for safety upstairs and sought refuge under the bed, followed by his excited mother, who was brandishing the ugly weapon and calling out "Where are you? Where are you?" Finding him under the bed she poked and shouted, but with no success.

Defeated, she retired downstairs, moaning as she went, "You wait till your father comes home," knowing he was due any moment.

When father arrived, without waiting to hear full details of the poor boy's shortcomings, he pounced upstairs, cane in hand, into the bedroom, and with one leap he was under the bed, where, to his utter astonishment, he was greeted with,

"Hello, Dad, is she after you as well?"

Irish Eugenics.

TWO Irishmen, who had not met for years, ran across each other, and after a period of handshakings adjourned for some wet congratulations.

"Long time since we met, Clancy, isn't

it? Great lots of things have happened.

"Yes, indeed. Look at myself. Shure, it's married I am," replied Clancy.

"You don't tell me? Have you any family?" asked O'Grady.

"Faith, and I have that. I've a fine, healthy boy, and he's just the picture of me."

O'Grady looked at Clancy, who wasn't built on the lines of a prize beauty. "Ah, well, what's the harm if the child's healthy?"

Bottled Sunshine.

OWEN JENKINS, who lived in a small village in the heart of Wales, had occasion to visit London for the first time. It was, in fact, his first visit to any place larger than his tiny hamlet.

Our friend spent a week in town, returning to his home looking most haggard and worn—altogether a physical wreck.

When his wife saw him she was greatly distressed, and in tears asked:

"Owen, man, whatever have you been doing in London? It's awful ill you look."

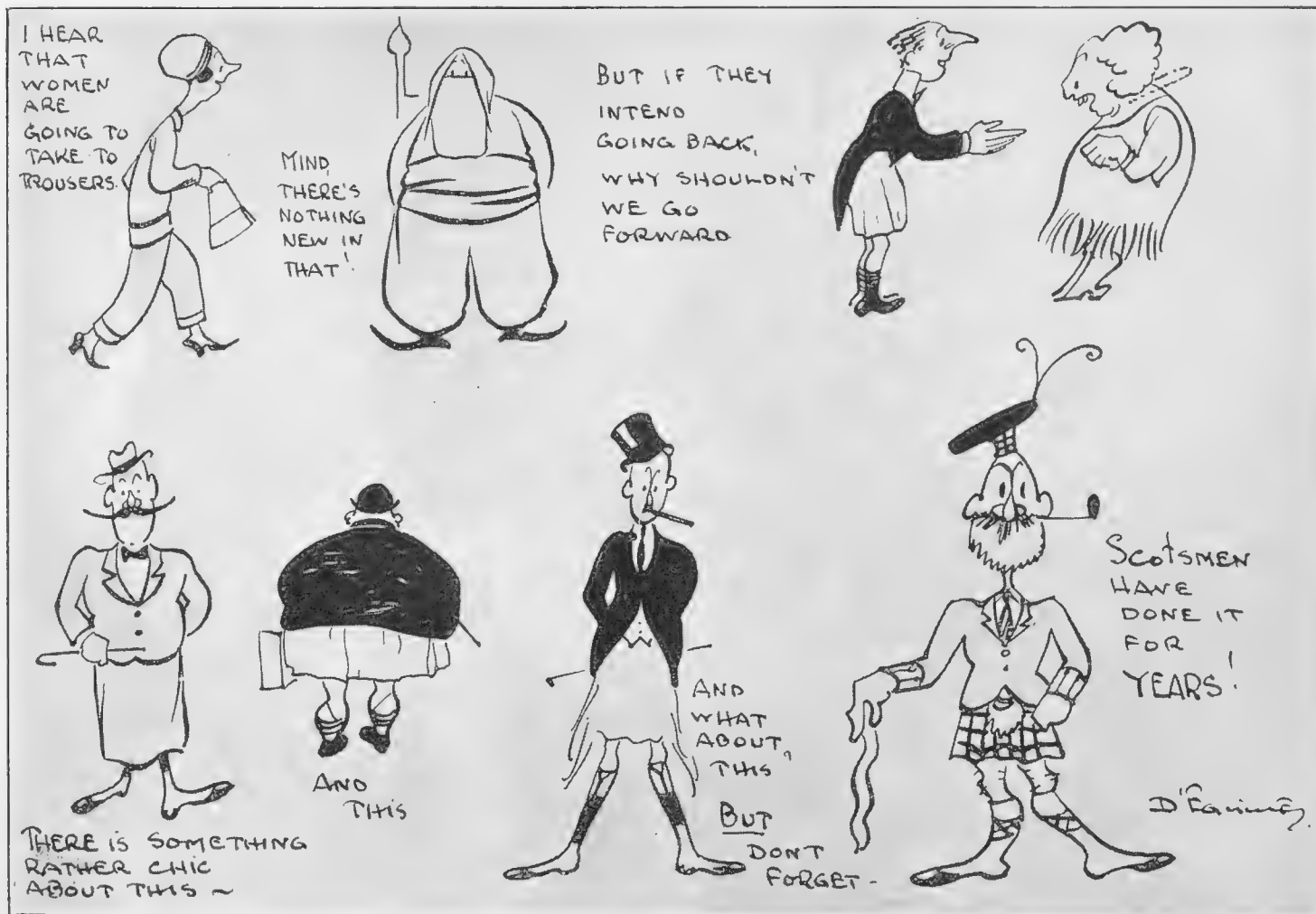
"Well, indeed, Mary, London's a grand place, but all the time I was there not a wink of sleep did I have."

"How was that Owen bach?"

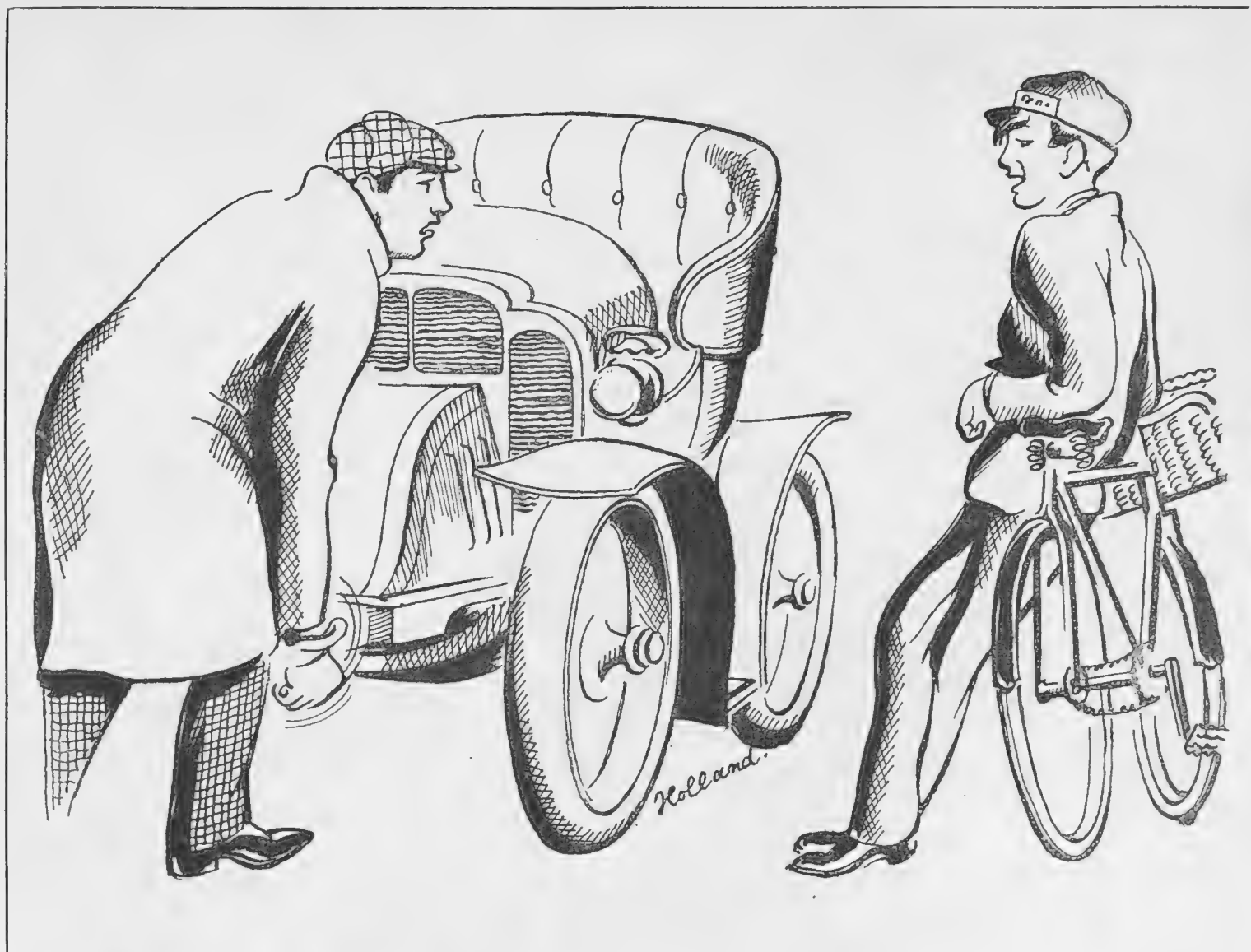
"Well, Mary, you see they left a light on in my room all night," was Owen's reply.

"But, man alive, why didn't you blow it out?" said the amazed woman.

"I couldn't—it was in a bottle," was the despondent answer.



New Modes for Men. By D'Egville.



PLAY US ANOTHER TUNE, GUV'NOR

IN THOSE DAYS: Over and over and over
with the crank handle every morning.

NOW: Depress the starter and away—if you
use the petrol of rapid vaporising qualities and the
oil specially made to resist the cold.

The Quick-Starting Pair

SHELL OIL AND PETROL



The effect of restraint which is still full of grace and freedom is characteristic of these highly bred peonies.

SHINING through the umber and orange, the russet and purple and gold of peony foliage, the slanting October sunsets lit up this year a lovelier colour scheme in the garden than ever the flaunting beauties of the summer were able to compass. It was so rich and satisfying that one wonders why people do not plant more peonies and more—and ever more. Perhaps it is because they need patience to grow at first, but, then, what is there in life worth having that does not ask of us patience?

IN Spring the thrusting carmine of thimble points above the soil, grows quickly into handsome masses of bronze and copper leaves, shining richly as the sun comes through; the fat bloom-buds swell, and then through May and June flowers the glorious peony harvest; there are single and double forms in every shape and shade.

The earliest to open are the very free-blooming and very hardy Arietina and Anomola forms: officinalis rosea plena and alba plena are our old cottage peonies, the "piny-rose" in white or rose; very large mops they are! The rather bouncing old red "piny-rose" is called officinalis rubra plena. These make a very useful, early-blooming, and also a cheap, beginning to the peony border; some others of very great beauty which should be grown are British Empire (red cups brimmed with gold), Marie Crousse (pale coral), Festiva Maxima (full double white, with a blood-red splash), Lady Alexandra Duff (faint pink, coming in lovely variations of form and



Peonies will thrive in one form or another in almost any sort of site.

Lovely, wide-eyed and exquisite in colouring. Peony Baby Kelway.

Peonies

They take a year or two to become established, but once they have taken hold they reward us generously.

By MARION CRAN

colour on the same plant), President Poincaré (spice-scented, ruby-crimson), Duchesse de Nemours, an early double primrose-white, and Globe of Light, a silvery rose cup, filled with a cushion of narrow petals in rose and gold. After the blossoms are dead all the peonies come back to the garden dressed in another beauty, the rich livery of autumn time.

PEAONIES, therefore, are very well worth growing. They will thrive in one form or another in almost any soil or site; but they like best of all rich, deep soil which has been trenched two to three feet, and, if poor, helped with chopped turves and well-rotted manure. In heavy soil a good deal of leaf-mould should be worked in at digging time with some bone meal. As the thick fleshy little roots like to stay where they are put for ten or even twenty years, it is wise to see that there is no scamping in the digging and preparation of the ground before they go in. The plants are so absolutely hardy that they never need any protection from frost; but, like most fleshy rooted plants, they want plenty of water in dry spells; sometimes, when people have complained to me that their peonies do not flower, they have been astonished at the effect when they have followed my advice and kept them well watered.





STANLEY for STABILITY

(The origin of a famous slogan)

By Stephen Wilkinson

AT the Great Yarmouth Conference of the Conservative Party, three thousand persons passed through a porch emblazoned with the slogan: "STANLEY FOR STABILITY." We did not need to be told that Stanley stands for stability, or that Stanley is just back or going away again. That his home is at Bewdley. That he smokes a briar. All these things we already know. His private penchants are almost daily paragraphed.

A Mess of Unemployment.

WE are interested in Stanley because he happens to be Prime-Minister. Otherwise we should regard and esteem him as a nice country gentleman. A soliloquising squire. A good ratepayer. A model husband. A simple, charming man. There are thousands of such gentlemen in Britain. We hear nothing about them. They desire to be left alone. They applaud their predilections. But the Stanley of stability is at the head of the

Government. Rightly therefore his movements deeply interest us.

The stability on which the Conservative Party prides itself is nothing but a mess. A mess of unemployment, disillusion, and bankrupt legislation. The country has been patient. Too patient. The British are generous. Too generous. They permit their statesmen long periods in which to perform their promises. Even when it is wheedled the nation does not whine.

The mess increases. A million and a half of workless men. And no comprehensive policy to apply to this pungent disease which is dragging the nation down into a deepening economic peril. Just a string of verbal shibboleths. Antiquated platitudes.

Yawns and Excitements.

THE drowsiest place in London is the House of Commons. Immediately you are seated, its atmosphere percolates your pores with the irresistible power of some potent opiate. In a listless manner you gaze down from the gallery to where a few members loll along the benches.

You seldom see a Minister present. The Labour benches are practically deserted. One or two Liberals (what is a Liberal?) sit far apart from each other. Derelicts of a great débâcle. Pathetic spectacles. A morbid House. Some members dozing. A few others trotting in and out; always trotting in and out. Bored, restless men. Sequestered from the eyes of their constituents. Nothing doing. "Stanley for Stability."

Something happens in Hyde Park. A word goes forth. The foundations of civil liberty are challenged. The shade of Cromwell is seen. Labour members crowd in from the smoke-rooms. The lobbies buzz with excitement. Here is matter that moves the House to its depth. Ministers are on the *qui vive*. The Government braces itself for the attack. Labour members assemble their choicest epithets. Jack Jones releases an expletive. Newspaper posters at every street corner proclaim the progress of events. The House is thronged. Jix

goes red in the face. Winston goes pale.

MacDonald makes a moving speech. Thomas waits, his feet upon the Speaker's table. Passions are stirred. A word out of place—and a riot may ensue. A wonderful House of Commons. Ardent for the welfare of the nation!

Events pass. The House stumbles upon the subject of unemployment. The House yawns. Dry, drab, dusty subject—unemployment. Some members dozing. Others trotting in and out. Two or three Ministers present, wrapt in deep immobility. They lean back and listen to the old arguments submitted by the same stale old kill-joys. Plenty of time. The Election is yet some months ahead. Nothing must be done in a hurry.



The drowsiest place in London is the House of Commons.

Manufacturing Communists.

A WONDERFUL Government. A resolute Government. Some one mentions the magic word, Communism. Stern measures by the Home Secretary. Suppression of a workers' paper, with a dangerous circulation of a few hundred copies. Raids on a house or two in Clerkenwell. Speeches from the Government benches.

And always they wind up with a provocative peroration, suggesting that there is much they have kept back. It would be too dangerous to divulge to the nation. Communists in our midst. Dark designs for the overthrow of the Empire. Ministers sit down again in a manner of pregnant suspense.

The pathos; tragedy; farce of all this pottering, peripatetic House of Commons fustian! A million and a half of men unemployed. Nothing to do but nurse their bitterness. Thousands of old soldiers among them. Who faced the perils of the guns. Who offered their lives in forming that far-flung human wall for the safety of the British Empire. Standing in unbreakable indomitance that Britain might be a land fit for heroes to inhabit. A land fit for heroes! A million and a half workless men.

The Curse of Bureaucracy.

IT is puerile to pretend that to-day we enjoy the privileges of democracy. There is no longer any democracy. Bureaucracy obsesses us. We get our few pleasures in the manner of fugitives. When the tobacconist is closed we slink up to the slot-machine. When we find the public house is closed we leave an order with the grocer. We are most particularly cared for in a multitude of ways.

The probing finger of the permanent official finds its quarry in our intimate affairs.

Nothing illuminates the measure of a mentality more than a slogan. The Yarmouth slogan symbolises the bitter truth. Stanley stands for stability. He need not stand for stagnation.



Something happens in Hyde Park.



I can imagine a Mahsud using a stick of dynamite to poke a fire or to clout the head of an opponent, but I cannot conceive him being sufficiently intelligent to use it for the purpose for which it is intended. Knowing this, my curiosity was piqued by the paragraph and I made enquiries.

This is what really happened at Feroz Khil.

THE story begins on a winter's night when four officers of the 54th Baluchistan Rifles F.F. were drinking whisky toddy round a fire in the smoking room of the Chota Khil club. They were Colonel Maitland, Major Purcell, the Second in command, Matthews, the Adjutant, and Williamson, who at that time was doing quartermaster. Major Purcell, after a wary look round, passed a remark to the effect that it was pleasant to have a room to which women were not admitted, and the Colonel, who was something of a misogynist, enlarged upon it.

"You're quite right," he said. "When I sit in front of a fire I don't like to have anyone bleating and clucking in my ear. Silly old trout—that's what I call them! Silly old trout!"

It was an innocent speech for a bachelor to make to other bachelors, but it was destined to have grave results. One word had caught Matthews's ear and had set him thinking.

"Talking of trout," he said presently. "I have got an idea."

"This is splendid," Colonel Maitland said. "My Adjutant has got an idea! Let's hear what it is, Matthews."

"Well, Sir, this is what I was thinking," said Matthews. "You know the stream that comes down from Burra Murda and flows along the Fort Pennell road? It's the exact spit of a trout stream in Scotland. Look here, why shouldn't we stock it and get a spot of fishing? It's a jolly good way of whiling away the time."

"Brain wave!" said Williamson. "I've got a flask. All I shall need is a rod and some tackle."

"Some trout might also be useful," Major Purcell suggested mildly. "Where do you propose to get 'em from, Matthews?"

"Spawn from England," said the Adjutant. "It can be brought in glass tanks. It will be quite all right if the water is changed occasionally."

He spoke with such conviction that the other men were impressed. They stared at each other. Visions of fresh trout for breakfast and long, lazy days spent with flasks, pipes and sandwiches floated before their eyes.

"The last time I tasted trout," Major Purcell began, "it simply melted in my mouth. It was buttery and had bits of green stuff . . ." he gazed with dreamy eyes above the rim of his tumbler at the Colonel. The Colonel gazed back at him. They could almost smell that trout cooking. . . .

LITTLE FISHES

A story of how a chance remark nearly led to a revolution in India

By Garnet Radcliffe

ONE of the few pests from which the North West Frontier is happily free is newspaper reporters. It is for that reason that the vast majority of the interesting little happenings that occur so frequently among the barren hills of Northern Baluchistan are never reported at home. When they are reported the account is usually misleading.

Take for instance a short paragraph that appeared recently in one of the big "bow-wow" journals. It was to the effect that

Fort Feroskel (which incidentally should have been spelt Feroz Khil) had been attacked by a Mahsud Chief called Makmud Khan, and that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to mine and blow up the outer wall of the fort. When I read that paragraph I said "Blather!" Mahsud chiefs are as a rule very stout fellows, but the mining and blowing up of walls is not one of their accomplishments. For one thing they have no explosives and for another they wouldn't know how to use them if they had.

"It can be brought in glass tanks. It will be quite all right."

THE upshot of that conversation was that at the next mess meeting it was formally proposed by Matthews that a subscription should be raised for the purpose of buying trout spawn wherewith to stock the Chota Khil, which was a merry little stream that during the winter months was swollen by the melted snow from the hills until it assumed the proportions of a young river. The motion had the charm of novelty and was carried unanimously. The next question was, who was to purchase the spawn and bring it from England? That was easily decided. It happened that a Lieutenant Pickering was going on three months' home leave in a week's time, and the choice naturally fell upon him.

"You must return with the spawn or on it," said Matthews, who had had a classical education.

Pickering—he was a recently joined arrival in the 54th chiefly remarkable for the length of his nose—demurred. He said he'd feel such a bally ass carting a lot of spawn about. He wasn't a ruddy aquarium, he said.

But public opinion, headed by Colonel Maitland, was too strong for Mr. Pickering. He was presented with a cheque for 500 rupees and told to do his darndest. If the cheque was not sufficient he was to cable to the mess president for more. (The finances of the mess of the 54th were in a flourishing condition at that time.)

"What'll I do if the eggs hatch out on the P. and O.?" he asked, in a last desperate endeavour to avoid the responsibility which threatened to darken all his leave.

"Heave 'em over the side," said Williamson. "Trout can swim like fish and they'd follow that nose of yours anywhere."

Pickering sniffed. He was sensitive of his personal appearance and he felt that Williamson's remark was not in the best of taste.

IN the manifold pleasures of his home leave he managed to forget all about the spawn until one day, about a fortnight before he was due to return to India, when he happened to be lunching at the house of an aunt. There was sago pudding for lunch. Pickering refused the sago pudding

with a degree of heat, which seemed to his aunt to be rather uncalled for, and was silent and morose all the afternoon. The next morning, after fortifying himself well at the long bar in the Trocadero, he hailed a taxi and told the driver that he wanted to buy some spawn.

"Vot you call ze eggs of ze leetle fishes," said Pickering, who for some occult reason had decided that his errand would be simplified if he assumed the guise of an eccentric foreigner. "Ze z substance that floats in ze vater."

"Sponges yer mean!" said the driver and took him to Harrods, and after Harrods to Gamages.

It was in the stationery department of the latter emporium that Lieut. Pickering, who was finding the rôle of the eccentric foreigner rather a strain, met a friendly individual who put him on the right track.

The friendly individual told him that he ought to go to the Zoo, a remark which Pickering at first misconstrued as a reflection upon his appearance. But he was pacified when the friendly individual explained that what he meant was that the Zoo was the best, in fact the only place, for buying spawn.

"Go to the curator of the aquarium," said the good Samaritan, "he'll fix you up."

TO make a long story short Pickering followed this advice and two hours later found himself in possession of six oblong glass tanks, about the size of coffins, each of which contained greyish masses of a repulsive looking substance that the curator assured him was trouts' eggs. The tanks had been made expressly for the purpose of transporting spawn. They had hinged tops, which could be opened to allow the embryo trout to have their daily ration of fresh air, and had handy little openings in the sides through which water could be poured or ejected.

The curator explained all this fully to Pickering and gave him minute instructions regarding the changing of the water and the

The curator explained it all fully to Pickering, and gave him minute instructions regarding the changing of the water.



maintenance of an even temperature. Finally he promised to have the tanks boarded up and sent down to Tilbury on the day before the P. and O. was due to sail. Pickering was sincerely grateful and sent a cable to the mess president telling him of his success and asking for another two hundred rupees.

On the P. and O. the tanks were stored for safety among a consignment of explosive material going to a small arms factory in Lahore. Pickering did not find them as great a curse as might have been expected. Through the medium of the purser he got hold of a Lascar who promised for a small consideration to see to the changing of the water every fifth day. Once that had been done Pickering forgot all about his charge and devoted himself to bridge in the smoking saloon.

Unfortunately the Lascar was not very conscientious in the performance of his duties. In consequence the spawn deteriorated, and when the P. and O. had reached the Red Sea, which at that time of year was somewhat hot, it made its presence felt.

A quite unfounded rumour ran through the ship. It was to the effect that there were six coffins on board which contained the bodies of six defunct native missionaries who were being taken back to their own country for interment. Those problematical native missionaries soon became most unpopular; especially when the wind was in a certain quarter. Lieut. Pickering, who was having a run of good luck at his bridge, did not feel it incumbent upon himself to offer any explanations. To the contrary he told everyone who cared to listen how much he was in favour of compulsory cremation, particularly in the case of native missionaries, and most people agreed with him.

Then one day it occurred to him to close the lids of the tanks that the Lascar had left open. Another rumour ran through the ship. People hinted that there had been some burials at sea during the hours of darkness. That rumour also was encouraged by Lieut. Pickering. He said that he had distinctly heard six splashes about midnight.

AT Bombay Pickering's real difficulties began. To start with, the coolies, the majority of whom were Hindus, objected strongly to handling the coffin-like tanks. As Pickering's Hindustani vocabulary did not include the word for spawn he had to invoke the aid of a Eurasian custom's officer. The custom's officer had the tanks brought ashore and then he in his turn became troublesome. He wanted to know exactly how many little fishes there were, and thought that Pickering ought to open the tanks and count them. Pickering who was getting fed up with the whole business thought otherwise and said so at some length.

At last an Embarkation Staff Officer (it was 1920 and the breed was not yet extinct) came to the rescue. He was both sympathetic and helpful, but he had a coarse sense of humour and insisted on addressing Pickering as "Blue-beard"—a joke which Pickering considered was pointless in the extreme.

"Leave 'em to me, Blue-beard," the Embarkation Staff Officer said. "They'll have to go by goods—crates aren't allowed upon the passenger trains. You push off and I'll send them after you."

In the end that was what Pickering decided to do. He delivered the precious tanks into the charge of his bearer, who was a scamp called Rustum Hakim; showed him how to change the water, and ordered him to follow

by goods train as the Embarkation Staff Officer should direct.

"The contents of these boxes are most valuable," Pickering assured Rustum Hakim. "They are called spawn and if any harm should befall them the wrath of the Colonel Sahib would be terrible."

"Very good, Sahib," said Rustum Hakim, who hadn't the foggiest idea what his master was talking about, and wondered what on earth this wonderful substance called *ishpan* could be about which the Sahibs made so much fuss. He also wondered if it would be worth stealing.

That evening Pickering, conscious of having done a good day's work, caught a train which eventually landed him in Quetta. There he boarded another train which took him down to Hernai. From Hernai he proceeded by tonga to Chota Khil. The first person he met was Matthews.

"What about the trout eggs?" Matthews asked.

"Oh, they're coming on by goods," said Pickering. "My bearer is looking after them. They should be here any day."

That answer satisfied the Adjutant and he went off to practise casts with a new and expensive rod he had had sent from Karachi.

BUT days passed and then weeks and there was no sign of either the spawn or Rustum Hakim. The Embarkation Staff Officer on being wired to replied that the tanks had left Bombay all right and that he hadn't got time to go chasing a lot of young trout about India. Soon the mess

*Next week's issue of
BRITANNIA there will
appear a very outspoken
article by Canon Hannay
(George A. Birmingham)
entitled "Imposing Dora on
the Church."*

began to look at Pickering with suspicion. He had paid seven hundred rupees for trout spawn, but no trout spawn was forthcoming. What had happened? Had he eaten them *en route*, as Williamson suggested?

Pickering became querulous. He said that it wasn't his fault if the Government of India chose to employ Embarkation Staff Officers who were hardly fit to qualify for infant lunatic asylums. There was gloom in the mess of the 54th. Matthews gave up practising casts, and the Colonel broke the handle of his new landing net across his syce's back.

Suddenly, however, news came that had the effect of jerking their thoughts away from the missing trout eggs. A Mahsud Chief called Makmud Khan announced one fine day that he was sick of the rule of the British Raj and that he intended to drive all the Sahibs from the land of Hind. As he was a powerful personage, owning many villages and ruling over several tribes, this announcement caused some excitement upon the frontier.

The excitement increased when it became known through the secret service branch of the Baluchistan Police that Makmud Khan was in possession of some wonderful invention, by means of which he proposed to exterminate his enemies. What this wonderful invention was no one quite knew, but an order was issued from Simla that all troops upon the Frontier were to be supplied with gas masks.

Among the regiments affected were the 54th Baluchistan Rifles F.F. They were told to send a company to garrison Fort Feroz Khil, which was close to Makmud's territory. It was the company to which Lieut. Pickering was attached that was detailed. Pickering was very glad. He was resolved that given the chance he would perform such deeds of valour as would cause the affair of the trout spawn to be forgotten for ever.

NOW, strange as it may seem, there was a direct connection between the missing trout spawn and Makmud Khan's rebellion. The first link in the chain was the fact that, on the same evening that Pickering had left Bombay, Rustum Hakim met a friend who, in direct contravention of what is laid down in the Koran, invited him to come and have a drink. That drink was the forerunner of a three days' debauch, at the end of which Rustum Khan and his friend found themselves safely locked up in the police *thana* (jail) without any very clear idea of how they came there.

In the meantime the tanks of spawn had been left in a warehouse among the consignment of explosive material which was going to the small arms factory in Lahore. In India boxes of explosives have to be adorned with large red stars before they can be allowed to travel by rail. This task was entrusted to an unimaginative babu. He noticed the glass tanks and, not knowing what they were, stuck red stars on to them. Hence the fact that the trout eggs left Bombay in a special truck marked "EXPLOSIVES. VERY DANGEROUS."

As to what happened to that truck I am not very clear, but it seems that in some mysterious way it got detached from the rest of the train and was stranded in a railway siding near Ruk. There it attracted the attention of a band of roving dacoits who, aided by the darkness of the night and the drunkenness of the Ruk station master, pillaged it and loaded the contents upon camels. If I could trace the movements of the tanks of spawn after that I would know more about the retreats of Frontier outlaws than the most expert agent of the Baluchistan secret service. I can't.

All I know is that they changed hands several times and, eventually, after nearly being recaptured by a patrol of the Kurrum Militia, came into the possession of Makmud Khan, a gentleman who considered that he had a grievance. Makmud Khan saw and knew the meaning of the red stars upon the tanks. He thought that he had received a gift direct from Allah and summoned a durbar of disaffected minor chiefs and holy men. They squatted at a safe distance around the tanks, what time Makmud Khan made a speech:

"VERILY Allah has been bountiful," he said. "Behold he has caused these glass boxes to come into my hands! Without a doubt they contain some of the most devilish of the contrivances that the Sahibs use for waging war. By their aid shall I conquer the whole of the land of Hind. Who can prevail against me when I am armed

with such potent weapons? To-morrow I will raise the standards and when the Sahibs learn that I possess six boxes full of their most cherished secrets they will fly before me in terror."

A deep "*wah*" of approval ran round the circle. The Mahsuds saw eye to eye with their chief in this matter. For once they would be able to meet the armies of the British Raj on equal terms! It was an agreeable thought. One of the younger chiefs, however—his name was Garib Ali—was sceptical.

"Far be it from me to question thy wisdom, oh Makmud Khan," he said. "But dost thou know for certain in what way this deadly substance that floats in the green water must be used? Perchance, if a mistake be made it may prove as deadly to thine own warriors as to the enemy! Witness the bomb that the son of Allah Din stole from the arsenal at Fort Pennell. He knew not the manner of its use and was himself slain."

"Thou speakest words of wisdom, Garib Ali," said Makmud. "Of a surety it is necessary that we examine what manner of substance this is before we use it. The trial will be a matter for a brave man and a wise. As the thought came from thee, upon thee do I confer the honour."

This was more than Garib Ali had bargained for. He said that he wasn't feeling up to the mark that day and begged to be excused. At a sign from Makmud Khan the two Mahsuds seated next to him caught his arms and held them.

Makmud Khan strode across the circle of the durbar.

"Garib Ali," he said, "an honour of this nature may not be refused. Listen, this is what I bid thee do. Open one of the glass boxes and take out a little of the grey substance. With fire thou must test it and with the blows of a hammer. Be sure that it is not too near the other boxes, lest perchance the shock of the explosion should set them off also. We others will watch what befalls from a distance. Thy honour is great and thou art sure of a seat in Paradise. . . ."

AT that moment the wretched Garib Ali would have willingly exchanged his safe seat in Paradise for the chance of a clear run down the hills. But it could not be. His arms were held and he knew that if he refused he would be sent to Paradise by an even more unpleasant route than that of an explosion. He put a bold face on the matter:

"I thank thee for doing me this honour, Makmud Khan," he said. "Wilt thou not stand beside me that we may together share the glory?"

But Makmud Khan wasn't having any, and said that the glory of defeating the British Raj would be sufficient for him. Two Mahsuds took one of the tanks and carried it to a lonely spot upon the maidan. A fire was lit and a hammer and anvil brought. Then the other chiefs withdrew, leaving Garib Ali to perform the experiment alone. With fingers that trembled he began to undo the fastenings of the lid. . . .

Now, it must be remembered that that ill-fated spawn had been fairly high by the time it reached the Red Sea. The Indian Ocean and some weeks of being carted on camels under a hot Indian sun had not improved its condition. It was, to use a colloquialism, fruity. When Garib Ali gingerly raised the lid of the tank there was a distinct hiss. Garib Ali, being a Mahsud, was not particularly sensitive as to the

olfactory nerves—but even he turned a trifle green and shut the lid hurriedly.

"Verily thou art the son of a coward," shouted Makmud Khan, who was peeping from behind a convenient rock. Garib Ali paid no attention. He did up the lid with great care and then addressed himself to the other chiefs who came forth from their hiding places to hear what he had to say.

"Praise be to Allah who is all merciful," Garib Ali bawled. "Neither fire nor yet the blows of a hammer will be necessary. This devil device of the Sahibs is a machine for the disbursing of foul vapour wherewith they suffocate their enemies. Have I not heard Shul Din who fought in the Great War

peacefully sleeping, was awakened to find his second in command standing over him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"They are mining the wall," said Pickering, who was suffering from a bad attack of heroics. "Already the charge is in position. . . . I am going out alone to destroy it. . . . It's a forlorn hope. . . . Good-bye, old man, and ask the Colonel to forgive me for losing the spawn. . . ."

"Here, come back," called Blake. "Don't be a fool, man."

But he was too late. Pickering had gone, muttering to himself that this was a far, far better thing than he had ever done before.

Disregarding an astonished sentry, he



He turned a trifle green and shut the lid hurriedly.

across the Black Water tell how the Sahibs released these vapours that they might be driven by the wind across the enemy trenches? When a man drinks deeply of them he dies—by the mercy of Allah I closed the machine when they had but reached my nose. Hail, Makmud Khan!"

Makmud Khan was pleased. He would have been still more pleased had he seen Garib Ali blown into a thousand fragments or struck dead upon the spot; but he certainly did look green and there could be no doubt as to the efficacy of the Satanic invention of the Sahibs. So, on the whole, Makmud Khan was well satisfied.

On the next day the standards were hoisted and the lashkars began to march. In the van, under a special guard, went the tanks of trout eggs borne upon the backs of camels.

THE last act took place on a very dark night just outside the main wall of Fort Feroz Khil. It was Lieut. Pickering doing his nightly round of sentry inspection who heard the soft sound of voices below. He leaned cautiously from the top of the wall and strained his eyes through the darkness.

Five minutes later Blake, who had been

unbarred a side gate and, knife in hand, peered forth, his long nose quivering with eagerness. His plans were made. He knew exactly where the charge had been placed, close to the foot of the wall. He would make a bold dash, cut the fuse and save the fort.

"Sahib," called the sentry, "the lace of thy boot has come undone. . . ."

"Go to Hell!" roared Pickering, who cared not for bootlaces at that supreme moment. He flung the gate open and dashed into the darkness. But alas! he had misjudged the position of the "charge". . . . The bootlace tripped him up at the critical moment. . . . There was a great crash of splintering glass. . . . Then the quiet night grew lurid with sulphurous language and a noise as of a volcano.

"Already the foul vapour is taking effect," said Makmud Khan, who was listening on a near-by hill. But he was wrong. What he heard was Pickering, who had found the long-lost spawn and, in the intervals between eruptions, was expressing his opinion of fishing in general and Matthews in particular. . . .

And that was the real truth of the incident described in the home journal as an unsuccessful attempt to mine and blow up the wall of Fort Feroz Khil.



THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D., DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S

Dean Inge, who, quite wrongly, was called "The Gloomy Dean," has just published a new book of essays. He will probably rank with Dean Stanley, Dean Milman, or Dean Farrar, among the mentalities of the English Church, and he has characteristics which even entitle him to be named in literature with Dean Swift.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT



Sir Arthur Yapp, K.B.E.

YEARS ago, a Carpenter from Nazareth was the centre of a little group of men talking earnestly. To them he was nothing but a Carpenter from Nazareth. After they had talked for a while, however, one of them suddenly said, "Never man spake like this man."

May I take three of the things the Carpenter said, and illustrate their truth from my own travels? Who else has ever dared to say, "I am the Light of the World?" As I write, my mind travels back to a memorable visit I paid in 1923 to the British Army of Occupation in Constantinople. On the way out, I spent a long week-end at Belgrade, the ancient capital of Serbia, and went, on the Sunday morning, to the Cathedral of the Greek Orthodox Church.

Passing on the Light.

ONCE a year, in that same cathedral, there is a great ceremony. The cathedral is crowded, but in absolute darkness; not even a candle is burning, and no glimmer of light is allowed to penetrate from the outside. Presently, the priest approaches from beneath the Sacred Picture, carrying a lighted candle in his hand. Everyone else is carrying an unlighted candle. The man or woman standing next to the priest then lights his or her candle from the one the priest is carrying, and in turn passes on the light to the one standing next.

Thus the light is carried from one to another until every candle is lighted, and the cathedral is a blaze of light. Hundreds of people, unable to crowd into the cathedral, collect round the main entrance. To these, also, the light is passed. The lighted candles are then carried to rooms, both of health and of sickness, and from them other candles are there lighted and left to cheer and encourage.

Could there be a better picture than that of the work we have each to do in the world? We cannot all preach sermons, but we can all get in touch with the great Light of the World and take His Light, first into our

THE LIGHT *of the* WORLD

By SIR ARTHUR
K. YAPP, K.B.E.

(National Secretary, Y.M.C.A.)

own homes, and then into our places of business. Some of us, perhaps, may even have the honour of bearing the Light to one of the dark places of the earth—or to a sad corner in our own district or circle.

Which Way?

LET us take another thing the Carpenter said. Who else has ever dared to say, "I am the Way"? I never read the words, since I travelled East, without thinking of China. I can see the educated youth of that great nation of the Orient standing at the parting of the ways. I can hear them asking eagerly: "Which is the way?" There are many voices equally eager to reply.

One voice they hear says: "The only hope for China is in the warship and the sword." Another says, "Let China put her trust in education, for knowledge is power." A third says: "China can only attain real nationhood through blood and revolution." And there is yet a fourth voice—the voice of religion.

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Never has educated youth in China devoted as much time as it is doing now to studying their ancient systems of religion. And yet what little real help can they get from such a study! This was brought home to me when, in Hangchow, I visited the Temple of the Goddess of Mercy. The huge building was almost filled with a figure in brass of the Goddess holding out a thousand different hands; each hand, it was claimed, to help some human need. Swarms of people had come to worship the image—and yet the Goddess was utterly powerless to help any single need of theirs.

A Still Small Voice.

I LEFT the Temple and went to one of the wonderful missionary hospitals. There

I saw a Chinese woman who had been operated on for cancer; a Chinese man who had a fractured thigh through a motor accident; and so on. All the patients were receiving as great care as any of us would receive under similar circumstances in a hospital in London.

A short distance away, I saw a home for orphans, another for the deaf and dumb; a third for the blind, and an asylum for lepers—and all this the work of people who had gone out to China in the Name of the God of Mercy. Until His servants went to India, China and Japan, any one who was ill was left to die.

It is the "still small voice" that says to us, as well as to the people of the Orient, "I am the Way." The voices of this workaday world are loud and insistent, and that other voice is often unheard and unheeded.

The Burning Ghats.

A THIRD thing the Carpenter said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Was there any wonder they said, "Never man spake like this man?"

When I was passing down the Ganges, in front of the ghats of Benares, these words came home to me vividly. Tens of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India were on the bathing ghats—wide-stretching platforms of rock and concrete that reached to the water's edge. Later, as we moved down the river in the Maharajah's state barge, we drew close to other and more sinister ghats—the burning ghats.

For the first time, I saw the funeral pyre with the body of the dead Hindu laid on the top. The eldest son of the dead man came forward and applied the torch to set fire to the wood. It was the look of blank despair on the faces of those who stood round that brought into my heart a longing that I might have been able to give to the people of India a picture of the Christ, not as He has so often been portrayed to them from the West, but as He really is. If only they could see Him as the Friend of humanity, as, indeed, the Resurrection and the Life; they would find in Him the One they and their forefathers have been dimly searching after through the ages.

Truly never man spake like this Man; and, even now, He is saying to some of us—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with Me."

PERSONAL FLYING

PEOPLE have been kind enough to describe my flight to Cape Town and back as a marvellous achievement, the more so because I flew "solo," without making any elaborate preparations or meeting with any serious difficulties.

At the very start, I would like to say as a matter of absolute truth that there was nothing at all marvellous about my part in it. I just flew from place to place in easy stages; I saw everything I wished to see and never once experienced any serious anxiety as to my safety. In fact, it was thoroughly enjoyable until I got back again into the mists that afflict our own little corner of the earth; and I would cheerfully do it again now.

The Simplicity of Flying.

THE comparatively short experience in the air which I had gained before starting out for Africa was enough to convince me that any ordinary person, with sound eyes and nerves, can easily learn to fly a modern light aeroplane with quite hopeful prospects of survival. Fearfulness of flying is really a bogey that will disappear as its strangeness wears off.

Also, I soon came to the conclusion that once the knack of reading a map and flying by compass had been acquired—and this is simply common-sense—anyone who can handle a machine proficiently is fit to fly far beyond the range of our customary travels on the ground.

It was this possibility of aerial touring that appealed to me; and it was because I wanted to see Africa and to join my husband at Cape Town that I decided on my flight. I had no idea of demonstrating anything, or proving anything; although I should be very glad to think that what I have done has helped to open people's eyes to the perfection of the modern light aeroplane and the possibilities of personal flying between one Empire territory and another.

For I do consider that our apathy towards Empire aviation is rather a shameful blot on our reputation for enterprise and our qualities as colonisers. Aircraft, it seems to me, has come to the rescue of the Empire at the moment when the older ties are weakening, yet unity and trade development are most essential.

Belgian Enterprise.

EVERYWHERE I went in West Africa I found evidences of energetic and far-sighted foreign plans for opening up the country by means of air transport. One must regard it as a little humiliating to see that the only African air lines at present in existence are being run by the Belgians and the French; even if it was pleasant to find the Belgian pilots flying commercial aeroplanes of British design. But why should it be left to Belgium, with her one small African colony, to show the greatest Empire in the world how to employ her aircraft on profitable work?

After flying through Africa to the Cape by the "all-red" route along the Nile and through the British East African Colonies, I decided to return by the West Coast route, through the Belgian Congo and the French and Spanish colonies of North West Africa. To my regret I was not permitted, for reasons of safety, to fly across the Sahara along the line which the French have even now begun to organise as a main aerial highway from Europe to Central and South Africa.



By the
Hon. LADY BAILEY

Lady Bailey's flight of 18,000 miles to and from the Cape was an extraordinary example of the possibilities of personal flying. In this article Lady Bailey foreshadows a widespread development of this new form of touring.

At present, in West Africa, the main highways of communication and transport are the great rivers, but the Belgians have already shown what can be done by flying. For several years now letters from Europe arriving at Boma on the coast have been flown right up to Elizabethville in two days, instead of spending two weeks on the river steamers. Encouraged by this success, many new plans for extensions are being worked out, and in a very few years a quite different aspect will be worn by the isolated settlements which to-day are cut off from mails and necessities by many weeks of wearisome travel. No wonder, then, that Africa is so much more interested in flying than we are at home.

A Delusion Shattered.

I AM afraid that I have rather wandered away from the subject of personal flying. A very important point to remember, however, is that the facilities provided on an organised air line make all the difference to the flying tourist; so that when Africa is criss-crossed by regular commercial air routes it will be quite easy to travel about by light aeroplane from one colony to another, and to go to and from Great Britain, in a fraction of the time that is necessary to-day. And it is quite probable that the cost of air travelling will actually be very considerably less.

Here in England very few people indeed realise the ease and comfort of flying, whether in charge of a light aeroplane or as a passenger in a large commercial machine. If I may put it

so, aircraft has sped ahead of the public. When I began to take lessons at the London Light Aeroplane Club, some people were saying that aviation was a great delusion. Well, my experience has convinced me that the only real delusion is on the part of those who still believe that flying is unreasonably risky and difficult.

New Possibilities.

THE ownership of a light aeroplane will, I think, be recognised quite soon as neither an extravagant hobby nor unduly dangerous; and I am quite prepared to believe that eventually it will become almost as common as the possession of a motor-car.

Need for Aerodromes.

WHILST in Africa, I heard details of the plans to organise a national aviation enterprise. It is very encouraging now to learn that these plans have now taken concrete shape in the form of a company called National Flying Services, and that this body has definitely undertaken to help forward the development of the flying club movement and to establish a chain of flying centres and landing places, so placed as to be really useful for getting about the country.

As the organisation develops, and providing the municipalities co-operate, as I hope they will, we can expect to see landing ground spring up everywhere, for I am certain that as soon as people see something of popular flying they will become as keen to use the air as I did myself. Then costs will come tumbling down, the demand for aerodromes will become irresistible, and I can well imagine the ideal being realised of every man being a potential air pilot in the nation's defence.

A Book of THE DAY

Dean Inge's New Essays

By JAMES MILNE

OLD saws are mostly pretty thoughts begotten of contemplative minds, and not practical axioms of life, but there are exceptions. Extremes meet! They certainly meet in a curious way in popular authorship, for you may either be an Edgar Wallace or a Dean Inge. You may tell a sensational story, though you need not write it well, that being another affair altogether. Or you may be an essayist, when you must write well, in high thinking and especially in spiritual and religious thinking.

Stir for the weary mind in this world, rest for the weary soul in the other world—they are the texts which most surely get the reading masses in this our democratic day and generation.

The Spiritual Cry.

There is always a new story by Mr. Edgar Wallace, whom Mr. Baldwin did not discover, or even re-discover, though once, at the London Press Club, with Mr. Wallace in the chair, he did say how essential a Wallace novel was to his happiness. But there is not always a new book by Dean Inge, although he is able, in the quiet shadow of St. Paul's, to do much writing. There is one at the moment, *Assessments and Anticipations*, published by Cassell, in La Belle Sauvage Yard, at the foot of Ludgate Hill, not far from the Deanery of St. Paul's.

You read it for many thoughts and with many thoughts, and the chief of the latter is this growing question: How, in an age which is supposed to be careless of religion, do we find books by Churchmen like Dr. Inge and Dr. Gore in the very van of "best sellers"?

The obvious general answer is that the younger generation is not indifferent to the spiritual life and all it stands for; otherwise volumes by Dean Inge and Dr. Gore would not sell by the thousand. It is known that of the Dean's first series of *Essays* between thirty and forty thousand copies have been sold by the Longmans, and that his second series stands in the same good case. Similarly, Dr. Gore's recent sequence of studies dealing with the Bible in the light of current criticism have had circulations only equalled by popular novelists.

He, more even than the Dean of St. Paul's, is a theologian, as well as a spiritual teacher, and so we find that the modern man and woman, like those they follow, are interested in theology, plus religion; which, again, proves the full presence of outlooking minds, along with faithful hearts.

Pen and Pulpit.

However it may be, then, with the pulpit, there can be no doubt that the Bishop, or the Dean or the Canon who has something to say, and can write it, will to-day find an enormous congregation. "No biography of me shall ever be written if I can help it," Dr. Inge tells us. But he adds this about his becoming Dean of St. Paul's:—

"Mr. Asquith said it was his hope that I would revive the old traditions of the Deanery of St. Paul's as the most literary appointment in the Church of England. I was to remember Milman, Mansel and Church and try to justify my appointment by taking a prominent part in the world of literature, scholarship and theology. This I have endeavoured to do to the best of my ability."

Here one stops to notice the difference between Dean Inge's success and that of his predecessors, Milman, Mansel and Church, held up to him as a sign by Lord Oxford, who appreciated men of literary gifts.

They lived, like great writers of their Victorian time, in a comparatively small, very highly cultivated English world. It was an aristocracy of intellect, drawn partly from the aristocracy of society, partly from the professional classes, and partly from the finer

elements of English business life. Dean Milman, Dean Mansel and also Dean Church, though heralds of the changes that were in the air when they preached and wrote, were scholars speaking to other scholars, or at least to cultured and earnest students. They were expected to think profoundly and to express themselves with polished literary grace, as indeed they did. What they said mattered, but how they said it mattered still more, for in letters, as in life, the manner is vastly important.

Old and New.

Now Dean Inge might easily have been a Milman, a Mansel or a Church, for he came to St. Paul's full of scholarship, theology and a good literary style. He had, in fact, come out of a family such as has begotten the scholarly, combative, or devout men of the Church of England. He had for maternal grandfather an "old-fashioned scholar and divine," who was the author of *The Early English Church*, of *The Cleveland Psalter*, of two volumes of poems, and of a learned work on the Spanish poet, Gongora.

His father, a very "handsome man with an athletic frame and no fault except excessive diffidence," was an Oxford scholar, in the Church, and a saintly character. It was, however, a call enlarged and made more democratic in its appeal which awaited, at St. Paul's, the young Inge, born on June 6th, 1860, at Crayke, in Yorkshire, where, as he recalls, a wooded hill rises out of a wide plain.

Dean Inge could not, when he was installed, hope for the kind of congregation to which Milman and Mansel and Church addressed themselves. He had to come over, not to the few but to the many, if he was to be heard, and no doubt this process began when his dry originalities got into the newspapers. He had, especially, a peculiar gift for modern preaching and speech-making, that of saying a thing fully in a phrase or a sentence. Take a few illustrations of that from his present book:

Don't be a pioneer; it is the early Christian who is got by the lion.

The art of success in a democratic society is to know how to play upon the ape in humanity.

In the warfare of the spirit there is no exemption for persons over fifty. They must stand on guard till the end.

Mankind in the mass is neither irrational nor wicked, and society has the power of generating anti-toxins for violent poisons.

It is easy for those who enjoy the supreme blessing of a happy marriage to ignore the miseries of those who have chosen badly.

The word success is written on the heart of every good American and floats as an ideal before the mind of most young Englishmen.

A Whimsical Personality.

It was, perhaps, a certain grim, almost Puritanic, sense of humour

that got Dr. Inge called the "gloomy Dean." "The only amusing book we were allowed to read," he says of his boyhood, "was one by Neale on the Christian martyrs, whose ingenious tortures gave us great pleasure."

There we have a touch of the whimsical perversity which makes the Dean always interesting, but often lands him in trouble.



Stephen Leacock laughing at his own joke.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

On Mediterranean Shores, by EMIL LUDWIG. Allen & Unwin, 10/6.

An Ambassador of Peace. Pages from the Diary of Viscount D'ABERNON. Hodder & Stoughton, Vol. I, 21/-.

An Introduction to Dutch Art, by R. H. WILENSKI. Faber & Gwyer, 25/-.

Crescendo, by ETHEL MANNIN. The saga of a man's life. Jarrald, 7/6.

The Prisoner in the Opal, by A. E. W. MASON. A story which has mystery and narrative power. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.

"I SAW it on the PICTURES"

By Maitland Davidson

Do films influence the public? is the question raised in this article. Our contributor believes that films have little effect upon morals or manners, but may stimulate a love of beauty and open wider vistas of thought.

WHEN somebody was alleged to have murdered somebody else the other day he produced as one of his defences, if I remember right, the statement that at the fatal moment he had seen, as in a dream, the distorted face of Mr. Lon Chaney in one of his character-parts. "I don't know whether the suggestion was that this apparition egged the criminal on to his crime, but I saw it on the pictures" has become a frequent *apologia* for youthful offences of all sorts.

Building up a Theory.

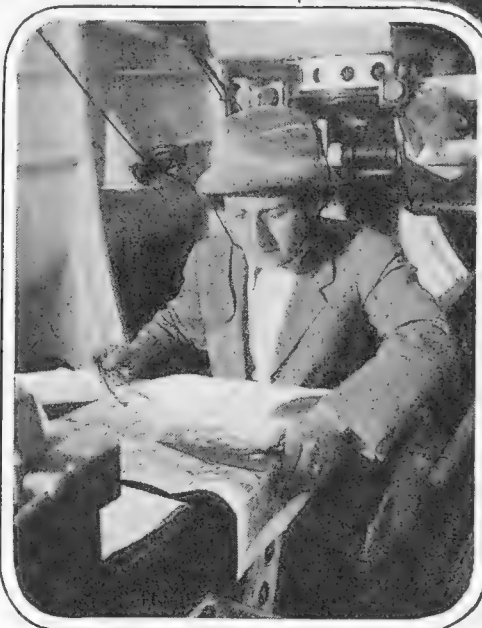
Apart from these crudities, the screen has, even in more serious atmospheres of thought, achieved the position of being regarded as an influence of weight on the morals and manners of the multitude. The audiences at cinemas, as nobody can deny, tot up numerically to a very large total—greater, obviously, than those of the theatres, since the movies function for nine or ten hours daily, mostly including Sundays, as against the theatres' much shorter opening times during only six days a week.



A VISIT TO ALSACE. From the new Allied Artists film "The Awakening," in which lovely Miss Vilma Banky is the heroine, and there are many delightful scenic effects.



A TYPICAL CRIME FILM. -The detective in "Midnight" (P.D.C.) lures the chief crook to a hidden death at the hands of his own accomplices, one of whom is prevented by the revolver's point from revealing the trap.



TRAVEL ON THE SCREEN. Sir Alan Cobham planning the flight depicted in the Gaumont picture "Round Africa with Cobham."

And, on the hypothesis that the picture plays thus presented have a moral or other effect on those who watch them, the theory is built up that the hand that rocks the cinema-projector rules the world, or words to that effect.

With deep regret and all the most affectionate wreaths imaginable, I feel as irresistibly impelled to promote that theory's funeral as any Chicago bootlegger to plug a rival or a "cop" with silent but sure revolver shots—"bump them off," in fact, in the exquisitely expressive phrase we have learnt from U.S. films.

Movies as Scapegoat.

The idea of making the movies a scapegoat for misdemeanour, indictable or otherwise—no one ever seems to offer them haloes for work in the other direction, though you'd think that should logically follow—arises, I am convinced, from a colossal exaggeration of their effect on audiences. I do not believe that films have any moral influence worth considering on any ordinary unit of the countless thousands who see them.

The fact is that there is a tendency in some quarters to take the screen, as well as the stage, far too seriously as a Force for Good or Evil. Earnest persons with an over-developed capacity for finding sermons in stones, tracts in the running brooks and uplift in everything, seriously broadcast the belief that theatres and cinema palaces are items of importance in the moulding of character. Hence they are heavily exercised in mind that the fare provided at such places shall be up to certain "highbrow" standards of their own.

The Public Doesn't Care.

But their anxiety, I am sure, is as needless as their optimism is wasted. Unconscious of and indifferent to all the mental effort that is being expended on its behalf, the general public goes to the cinema or theatre, and more especially to the cinema, to be entertained and nothing more. And, having arrived, it is entertained, either more or less—and that's that.



THE CHARM OF THE ISLE OF MAN. As displayed in the latest product of British International Pictures, "The Manxman," which introduces cinema-goers to some of the picturesque beauties of the island.

The vast majority of cinema-goers—and it is of the majority that we are speaking—do not want any moral from the pictures they see. Their surface sympathies and emotions may be temporarily aroused, but that process is purely transient and external. They establish no contact between spectacle and conduct. To take an extreme instance, it is common knowledge that the loudest hisses for a stage villain will come from the cut-throats in the gallery at a house frequented by riff-raff of the East End.

The moral sentiments of the cinema crowd, such as they are, are sentiments of the moment. They pass as a wind that lightly ruffles the water and then is as if it had never been.

No, this great moral influence of the films is an amiable myth, a day-mare born of intellectual indigestion after a Gargantuan banquet of theory indulged in by enthusiasts for the task of Putting the World Right. But that they do wield some influence one would no more deny than that every human relation has its share in affecting the development of humanity. The great point is to avoid any mistake as to the depth of that influence.

Appeal of the Eye.

Their main appeal is through the eye, and in this direction I do believe that a sense and appreciation of beauty is a thing that the cinema can to some extent inculcate, especially with so many starved senses, as well as in the big cities, reaching out, however unconsciously, for the beauty they do not find in their daily lives. That is one function that may be performed, for example, by a picture like *Shiraz*, which is one long panorama of Oriental loveliness and grace.

Or, to come nearer home, such charming excursions to delightful corners of the English countryside, as are provided by the British film *Widcombe Fair*. And apart from scenic attractions also to be found in films like *The Awakening* (at the New Gallery), architectural settings, handsome and becoming clothes, and even the beauty of actors and actresses themselves, all contribute to the same end.

Opening Fresh Vistas.

Another department in which the films can do a bit in the way of touching people's lives is educatively (so long as they aren't directly educational) by opening up new vistas and introducing them to fresh places, people and customs. This may be done by taking advantage

of the screen's natural power to triumph over time and space, just as, if not more successfully than, in such completely "travel" pictures as the very interesting but rather too single-subjected *Round Africa with Cobham* or *Stella Polaris*. So the cinema may become a sort of home substitute for travel and stir up people's minds—but not their morals.

Crime is not Infectious.

I must say I have a strong preference for films with a beautiful setting, the romantic rather than the realistic, but that is on æsthetic and not on moral grounds. Those low-life American pictures full of crime and revolvers like *The Racket*, *Midnight* and so on, are not anything like so attractive, but on the other hand I doubt if they ever have the slightest demoralising effect—unless possibly on the weaker-minded children whom their elders should and mostly do exclude from such shows. And, in spite of the various forms of violence they see being performed on the screen, is there any sort of evidence that, as a class

*Film fans lead shocking lives,
Go home and beat their wives—*

to paraphrase Calverley's famous lyric on smokers and their ways? On the contrary, they are on the whole a most respectable, orderly body of men and women—a remark applying still more emphatically to film critics, who are even more frequently and intensively exposed to these supposedly evil radiations.

The Real Test.

The real test of a film is not "Does it make good citizens?"—it can't—but "Does it make a good, stirring show?" or "Does it add to the gaiety of nations?" Those are the criteria by which the public, though without any articulate formulation of reasons, judge the pictures they see, and I do not think we need look for, or could find, any very much better ones.



THE HANDSOME HERO. Mr. Carl Brisson as the young fisherman, Pete, in "The Manxman," which is a British screen version of Sir Hall Caine's novel.



THE BEAUTIES OF BRITAIN. Pretty Miss Marguerite Allen and comely Mr. William Freshman in the B.I.P. film "Widcombe Fair," which contains some most exquisite portraiture of Devon scenes.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ENGLAND?

A Symposium of Readers' Views

Incompetent Administration.

EXCESSIVE taxation, incompetent administration and reckless expenditure—particularly in the case of Local Government authorities—expenditure on non-productive schemes for the relief of unemployment and the failure of many of our manufacturers and producers to profit by the example of such firms as the Imperial Tobacco Company, and Morris Motors, who have proved that the secret of prosperity is turnover.

The Board of Trade Returns for December show that, "Articles Wholly or Mainly Manufactured," to the value of £24,392,380, were imported during that month! There is no excuse for this. The total value of imported textiles was £5,435,695. What do Free Trade Lancashire and Yorkshire say to that?

We need another Sankey and Moody to conduct an Industrial Revival in exactly the same way as their predecessors worked. They must go forth and teach and keep on teaching. They must go *everywhere*. The message they must carry is "Be British—Buy British."

The buyer must be taught to "Buy British" and why. The shopkeeper must be taught to stock "British" and why. The manufacturer needs a special lesson of his own. He must not budget for a definite percentage of profit. It is turnover that counts, and it is there the big money lies.

Obviously then, we British could, if we wished, spend on British goods approximately £250,000,000 per annum which at present goes out of the country. For how many could employment thus be found?

When we have brought this about we can concentrate upon the recapture of our overseas trade with a far greater feeling of certainty of success than at present.—G. F. WHITE.

Atrophied Literature and Religion.

ENGLAND is suffering from auto-intoxication—a form of slow poisoning. The symptoms are muddle-headedness on the part of our "leaders of thought," and bewilderment on the part of the people. We are fast becoming a nation of scatterbrains. "With desolation is the whole land made desolate because there is no one who thinketh in his heart."

The result is that the two great forces which make for civilisation—literature and religion—have become atrophied. Seventy-five per cent. of our "high-brows," despite their arrogant assumption of intellectual superiority, seem unable to put together two consecutive logical ideas. Their groping after truth would be amusing if it were not so tragically pitiful, but, then, the prostitution of genius is the Nemesis which overtakes all overweening, self-appointed prophets and high pontiffs of thought.

Our modern literature is superficial. There is no primacy of thought directing it. It is largely emotional. So, too, is our religion. Here everything is in confusion, from Agnosticism through High Church and Low Church to No Church. Men are blown about by every wind of doctrine. We are asked to believe in everything and nothing.

In response to our invitation to our readers to answer the question, "What's Wrong With England?" we have received a very large number of replies. Below we publish a selection of opinions on the subject.

Everything is done in the name of science and humanity (and God is generally bracketed).

The national outlook—the nation's philosophy of life, has been vitiated. The national mind is starved. It has been slowly poisoned for centuries. One must go back some 400 years to seek the cause, and, incidentally, the remedy.—R. E. VEILLE.

A Grand Ca' Canny.

THERE appear to be three outstanding causes of England's trouble and these in turn give off numerous growths and so on.

These three are that newspaper owners, politicians and employers refuse to believe the worker is commencing to reason things out for himself, and as a result England is suffering from a "Grand Ca' Canny."

By worker I mean all who labour in every grade of life. Each one, no matter whether manager or labourer, is becoming dissatisfied with the present system which permits the financial exploitation of his industry, and we have the somewhat amusing spectacle of a high-grade worker congratulating himself on the profitable nature of his investments and complaining of the profit others make out of his efforts.

We have also the dangerous, and sometimes tragic spectacle of the lower grade worker having no profit or interest in his industry except his weekly wage or dole. Instead of the nation acting as a "tug-of-war" team, each individual is trying to snatch the rope from others.

The glittering prizes go to the few and leave the many discontented. An increasing number of people are beginning to resent being lectured by the Press and politicians, and they tire of the employer who, when he finds his competitor getting ahead of him, blames the worker and seeks to penalise him. England is in the melting-pot, and what comes out of the pot will depend upon the amount of hard thinking put into it.—DAVID ARLOTT.

Spineless Leaders and Free Trade.

ALL that is the matter with England is the backbonelessness of our leaders, and that she needs the true spirit of the Britisher who regards our civilisation as the highest, greatest and truest ever evolved by man; who puts his country first and last and all that it means to our Empire; who recognises the natural law of self-preservation; who scorns those who desire to be all things to all men; and who regards with contempt the mealy mutterings of the pious "No More War" fanatic.

We need the Britisher who will speak out loud and straight against the waste of money,

time, and thought of that first-prize fraud called the League of Nations. We want eyes to see the truth. No one desires war, but everyone has to have it in spite of his wishes. No one can stop war; force alone can regulate it. To be respected one must be feared.

The British Empire is a League of Nations. It stands for truth, honour and freedom. Let us realise our true and wonderful inheritance.

Another thing that matters is the cloud that hangs thick and black over our trade. We allow other countries to flood our home markets with their cheap goods wrought by cheap labour. We permit these things to amuse and satisfy a few ghastly illogical sentimentalists that they may bow down and worship the dead theory of Free Trade. It is the freedom for others to come in while they put up barbed wire fences against us.

Discharge D.O.R.A., fight the foreigner on fair terms and start new forms of work—the Channel Tunnel, Road Making, Afforestation, etc.—"EUREKA."

Lost Spiritual Vitality.

IN your issue of January 11th Sir Max Muspratt says he "does not understand the phenomena of this year." That is the approach to the understanding of "What's wrong with England?" You will receive the usual convincing post-war arguments as explanatory causes, and the economic, financial, labour and international difficulties as contributory, but in none of these can wisdom be found. The war was not a cause but an effect of pre-existing causes—the weight of the imponderables.

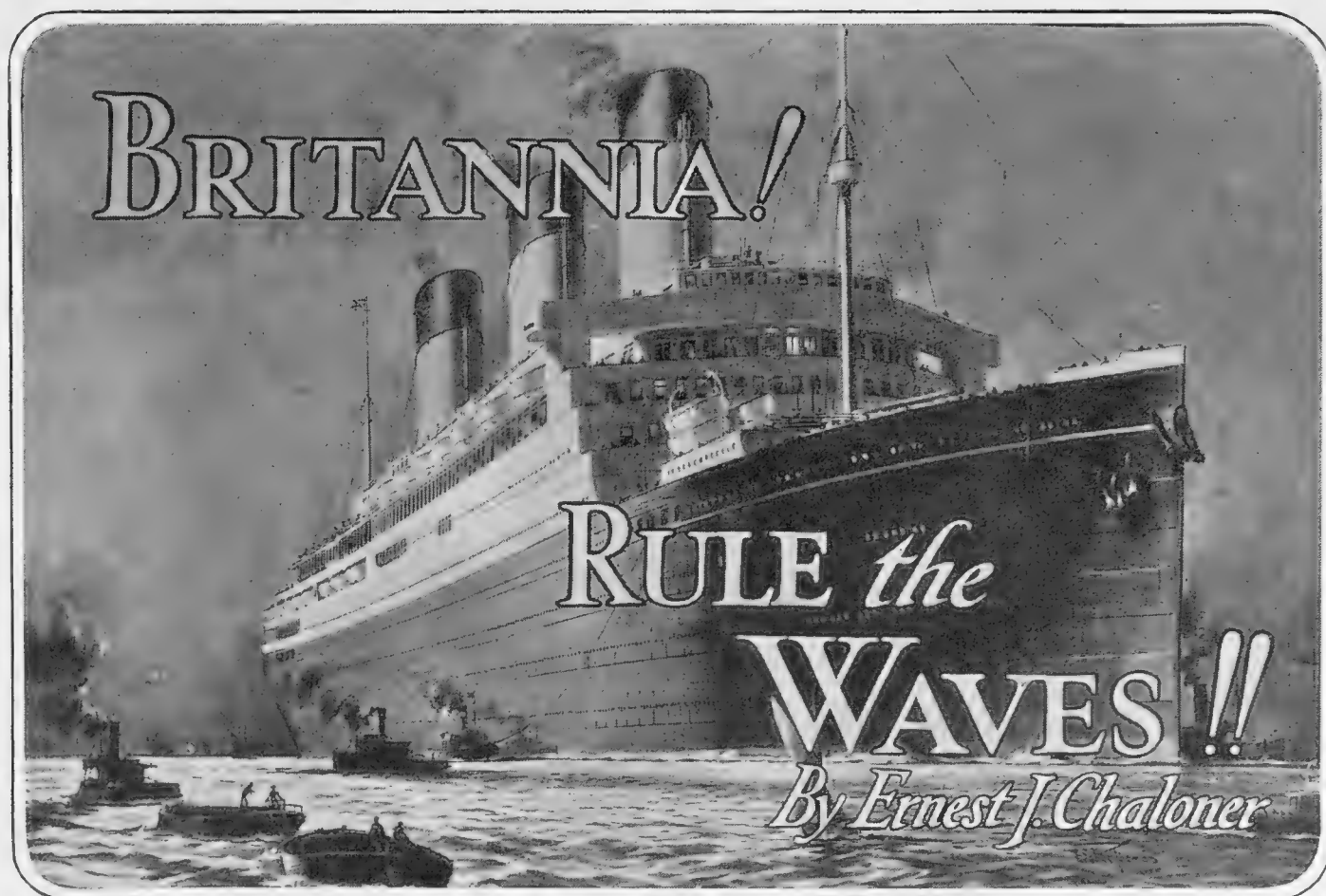
In the deep, hidden, but still continuing causes of the war, lies the true explanation. This explanation and the solution are startling to our departmentalised modern mind, and are unacceptable because we cannot believe all things will not continue as of old; we cannot grasp the truth that "all things come to an end," even the existing system out-cropped from our industrial "civilisation," which carries within itself the full assurance of its own destruction.

Whether individual or national the actual basis of life is spiritual, not material, and if this is departed from disruption and chaos are only a matter of time. That time has come.

We have lost the spiritual vitality upon which our national prosperity depends and upon which it was built. The war was but the beginning of the effects, which must become progressively revealed in various forms. The active hostilities are now followed by economic attrition, international confusion and general chaos. What else should we expect?

We are also afflicted with a disease of national blindness, a quite natural accompaniment. What is happening is a natural sequence of events—a process of natural law. Until a far worse stage is entered, the very solution will be rejected, because we have lost the capacity to recognise or understand it. The material does not perceive the things of the spirit.—W. G.

[A further selection of readers' views will appear next week.]



"S.S. Majestic," the largest ship in the world.

"WE know that if our shipping goes, we go; and the fact is perfectly understood by our ill-wishers," said Mr. Rudyard Kipling speaking the other day at a shipping dinner in Liverpool.

British shipowners are quietly watching the ambitious programmes of Germany, Italy, France, America, Japan and Scandinavia, realising that the programmes of these countries, even if artificially backed by government subsidy, provide just that tincture of battle that stimulates the British shipowner to maintain his lead on the sea.

In 1914 Great Britain owned the lion's share of the world's shipping. To-day the position is changed. Other countries are creeping close to her, but by new inventions and plans to build the largest and fastest ships in the world Britain's rule of the waves, even under the strangely altered conditions of the modern shipping world, promises to remain unbroken. That she has to face quite a new form of competition is clear from the new "sea sense" awakened in several nations since the War, and the fact that Britain owned two-thirds of the world's ships before the War and now owns only one-third.

Yesterday and To-day.

IN 1914 Great Britain had 9,240 ships (with a total tonnage of 19,256,766), and her rivals were Germany, with 2,388 ships (with a total tonnage of 5,459,296), the U.S.A., with 3,100 ships (with a total tonnage of 5,323,048), France, with 1,576 ships (with a total tonnage of 2,319,438), and Japan, with 1,103 ships (of 1,708,386 tons) and Italy with 1,160 ships (of 1,668,296 tons). They were so far away behind that she never even bothered to turn her head and look back at them. But now she is more thoughtful.

To-day Britain owns 8,204 ships of 19,875,350 tons—a smaller number of ships than in 1914, but the tonnage is greater than in 1914, because a larger number of her ships are big ships.

Those people who enjoy being pessimistic point with grave expression to these figures, which they like to interpret as indicating the rapid decline of Britain as a seafaring nation. The War gave

"The liner, she's a lady," but a very expensive one. Almost every year she becomes more impressive in stature, speed and grace. Britain's liners still rule the waves.

several countries an artificial importance in the shipping world. As a result of the Peace Treaty Germany had to hand over her ships to other countries. But countries, like men, thrive not on presents. It is only what they earn and what they construct that leads them towards power.

The countries that sprang into sudden prominence in shipping after the War were America, France, Italy and Japan.

None of these countries is fundamentally a seafaring nation, and their present artificial prosperity, produced by subsidies and the results of the War, cannot stand for long in face of the competition from the inevitably maritime countries—Britain, Germany and Scandinavia.

Threats to Our Power.

OTHER countries are now busy threatening British sea power. The U.S.A. puts the *Leviathan* on the Southampton-New York service, and still calls her "the largest ship in the world," with a tonnage of 59,957, and a length of 907 feet. But the *Leviathan* is 8 feet shorter than the *Majestic* of the White Star Line, actually the largest ship in the world, and only by altering inside spaces can she claim the tonnage of 59,957.

If she were measured by Lloyd's Register—the world's greatest ship classification society—her tonnage would be just 52,282 whereas if the *Majestic* were measured on the very generous scale of the Americans she would be 61,206 tons.

These figures convey more or less which is the largest ship, but the last word rests with the designer of the two liners, Dr. E. Foerster, of Blohm and Voss, Hamburg, who definitely declares that the *Majestic* is the larger vessel; and he knows.

The amusing side of this *de luxe* Atlantic liner competition between Britain and the U.S.A. dawns on the traveller who is constantly confronted with advertisements claiming that two separate liners are each "the largest ship in the world." But on this occasion the British vessel happens to be the most soberly correct in her claim, although the American liner is a "dry" ship, and cost two million pounds to build.

(Continued overleaf)



The "Leviathan" which America still calls the largest ship in the world. But she isn't, being 8 ft. shorter than the "Majestic."

The *Augustus*, the largest motor-liner in the world, of 32,650 tons, owned by the famous N.G.I. line of Italy, and the 24-knot French liner *Ile de France*, put on the Atlantic last year, with an aeroplane platform on board to take Atlantic passengers in a hurry, are other keen competitors for sea prestige.

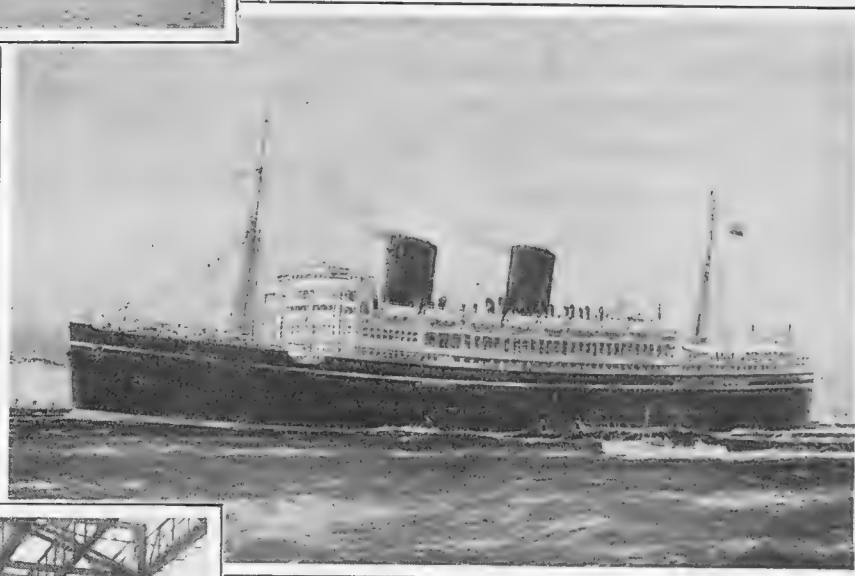
And the great German company, the N.D.L., declare that next April with their wonder ships of 46,000 tons, the *Europa* and *Bremen*, they are going to win the Blue Riband of the Atlantic back again from the Cunard Line, with the record speed of 28 knots. This is promised by the German owners, but we shall see.

But two of the three greatest British shipping giants—Lord Kylsant and Lord Inchcape—intend to counter all this foreign competition by building the fastest and largest and most comfortable ships in the world. The new 60,000 ton White Star liner now building at Belfast, is going to be an electric ship—the largest ship in the world, and Lord Kylsant has decided upon this form of propulsion after his visit to America, where he was impressed with the success of the electric ships in the U.S.A. Navy. The length of the new giant is 1,000 feet, much longer than the present day largest ship in the world—the *Majestic*—of 915 feet, and the new ship will cost about £7,000,000.

Southampton can accommodate this new giant liner, which will be ready in 1931, but New York will have to build new and longer piers before she can deal comfortably with the new ship and her passengers.

Britain's New Leviathans.

IN 1931 the new Canadian Pacific 140,000 ton liner, the *Empress of Britain*, will be placed on the Southampton-Canada service. She will be double the size of the other famous ships on this route, and a *de luxe* liner without equal in her class. Her speed will be 24 knots, and this leads her owners to assert that it will be possible for passengers leaving Southampton to reach Quebec, and then go on to Chicago by a special train, just as quickly as if they had used the fastest liner on the New York service.



"Viceroy of India" the new P. & O. 19,000-ton liner as she will be when completed. She is the first and largest electric liner in the world. (Copyright: P. & O. S. N. Co.)

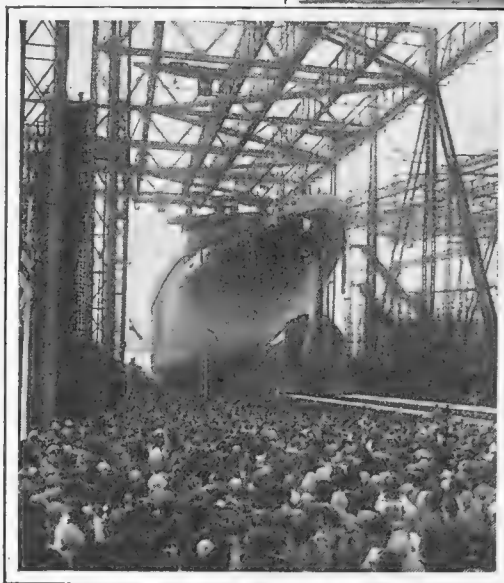
Fastest Electric Liner.

BUT the big reply to foreign competition is found in the fact that the *Viceroy of India* is the first large and fast electric passenger liner in the world. America has produced a few small electric ships and a few electric vessels in her navy, but nothing like the *de luxe* liner in the P. and O. Line. This ship is the pioneer of the all-electric liner of the future, which will run silently, and

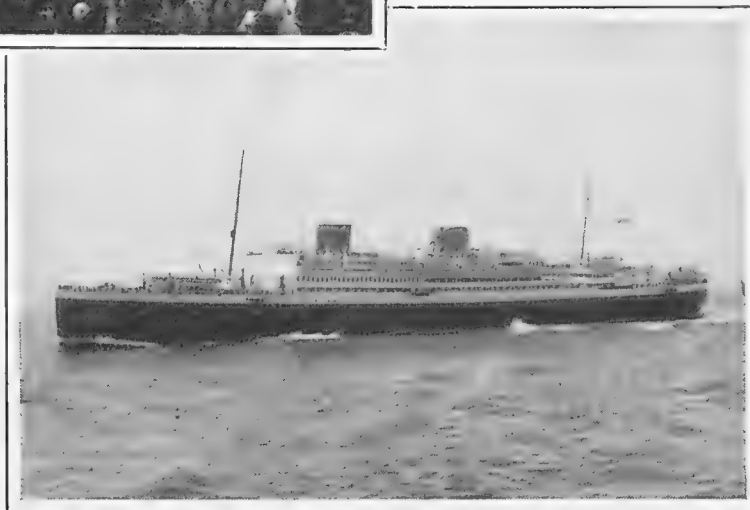
without vibration, and be navigated simply by pressing a row of buttons on the bridge.

In view of the many new achievements in the construction of British liners and the developments still certain to come, it may be claimed without fear of contradiction that this country still rules the waves.

Our liners have been and still are the admiration of the world. We set the great example of speed and comfort, and other nations—notably Germany and America—were naturally not slow to follow where we led.



Germany's challenge: the "Europa," first of two 46,000-ton trans-Atlantic liners. A view of the launching.



The great R.M.S.P. motor ship "Alcantara" (22,181 tons), one of the fastest ships of her class in the world.

Long Wave BROADCASTING

By ROBERT W. BEARE

WHILE certain popular sets are still being manufactured with no provision, other than a change of coils, for receiving broadcasting on both medium and long wave lengths, a feature of modern development is the inclusion in the set of a switch by which the change may be made without further trouble.

Long Waves Worth While.

A few years ago it was natural that we should hesitate in the home construction of a set to undertake the additional complication of providing for reception on both wave bands, since only Daventry 5XX and Radio Paris repaid us for our trouble. Now, however, there are quite a number of stations transmitting between one and two thousand metres, and the recent inclusion of Eiffel Tower, previously of so high a wave length as to be out of range of the vast majority of sets, makes the long waves more than ever worth while.

The fact that Eiffel Tower on 1,488 metres is liable to interfere with Daventry on 1,562 metres with many sets is an incentive to improve the selectivity, and this, as a matter of fact, is a very necessary and desirable point in regard to quite a number of commercial receivers, as well as the home-built variety.

It is rather a curious fact that, generally speaking, a set which is good on the medium waves is poor, in the matter of selectivity, on the long waves, and *vice versa*, though this applies particularly to portables. Out of the considerable number that have passed through my hands for test purposes I think I am correct in saying that there has not been a single instance of a portable set which was equally efficient on both wave bands. The majority appear, naturally, to be designed to give their best results on the short waves, and suffer from a very serious lack of both sensitivity and selectivity on the long.

Aerial Difficulties.

Another rather curious point in regard to quite a number of portables is that, while their degree of selectivity is reasonably good when used with their own self-contained frame aerials, tuning is flattened out tragically if an external aerial and earth are connected to the terminals or sockets provided. I really do not know why this should be so, because, although we know that the greater damping exercised by the external aerial naturally tends in this direction, there is no particular difficulty in making an ordinary set for home use as selective as may be necessary.

Yet the portable, which should above all things be of high efficiency, sometimes fails in this respect. It is undoubtedly a feature which quite a number of manufacturers of

With the increase in the number of long wave broadcasting stations, it is urged that better provision should be made for the reception of them by the provision of a switch whereby the change can be effected.

this type of set would do well to study, because, so long as their products are practically unusable except on their own frame aerials, they are materially limiting their possible market.

The Home Constructor.

I wonder why it is that the average enthusiastic home constructor, who avidly searches the wireless journals each week for new circuits to try out, almost invariably reconstructs his experimental set from A to Z? A considerable portion of every set is identical with every other, or if it is not, so far as the published diagrams are concerned, there is no reason why it should not be adapted to save trouble.

The low frequency amplifying section of



OLD GENTLEMAN (suffering from a violent cold) spelling name on 'phone: "B --- B --- B for Bargate."

a set designed to test a new high frequency circuit, for instance, is, or may be, identical with that which is already in use. Yet the constructor strips his panel and baseboard right down and follows, slavishly, the instructions even in the parts which really do not matter.

In the early days of wireless a very popular plan was the unit construction of the set. High frequency amplifier, detector, and the LF stages were accommodated each in its own little cabinet, and a system of terminals enabled the separate units to be linked up in various combinations. There was much to be said for this arrangement, and it is curious that it has practically died out.

So far as the very tricky HF circuit is concerned, the necessity for precise positioning of the components and for the avoidance of long leads is the cause; but there is absolutely no reason why a detector, and up-to-date power amplifier, should not be

constructed and used as a permanent unit, with which an infinite number of HF arrangements can be tried.

Disappearing Frontiers.

Is it possible that broadcasting will eventually be responsible for the restoration of the unlinguistic condition of the pre-Babel era? Never were the limitations imposed by the multiplication of tongues so fully realised as now, when thousands, and even millions, of people all over the world can with a turn of the hand listen to the speaking of a dozen different languages. One has a feeling of helpless lack of intelligence in listening to a foreign talk by radio. The speaker's intonation and clear coherence force one to a point at which it seems that only just a little bit more—of something, I don't know what—is necessary to make the whole thing comprehensible. And yet, possibly, not one single word gets home to our intelligence.

I have often felt, when a foreign speaker was particularly emphatic or persuasive in tone, that he ought by sheer force of will to be able to impress his meaning on one's brain, without the necessity for verbal understanding. Such telepathic communication may come in time, but for the present it is sufficient to consider the degree to which broadcasting must result in an extension of the linguistic education of the peoples of the world. It is probably true that no other nation is more uneducated in this matter than the British; though, in my experience, the Spanish run us very close, in spite of the fact that Spain is not an island.

Undoubtedly, however, the children of future generations will be taught, and will learn (which is a very different thing!) more in the way of foreign languages than is general now. But the point that strikes me very forcibly is the marked, if unobtrusive, progress that is being made by Esperanto. Looking through the programmes from foreign broadcasting stations, one day recently, I noticed that no fewer than sixteen included during the forthcoming week something—a lesson, a talk or some other item—in Esperanto, the universal language.

A Common Language.

Esperanto, as I understand it, is built upon a foundation of common root words, and it is amazing, if one studies the subject, to find that not merely the Latin languages but those in use throughout Europe have a definitely identifiable basis which is common to all. Arabic and its offshoots differ radically, of course, but even so this great mother language has penetrated into Spain, Malta, and no doubt many other places with which I am less familiar, so that even Arabic and Hindustani (which has a relationship through the medium of religion; no doubt) may quite well be represented in Esperanto to an extent sufficient to make that composite tongue a truly universal language.

Unfortunately, I am neither an Esperanto expert nor even anything worth writing home about in regard to general national languages. Which is, perhaps, the reason why I can see the immense possibilities, emphasised by broadcasting, for the popularisation of an international tongue.

MASTERS of ETCHING

Why Prints fetch High Prices

By R. H. WILENSKI



"Nadia." By G. Brockhurst.

THOSE who collect modern prints, or care about them, have a brave show provided for them in the exhibition called "Modern Masters of Etching" that opens at the Leicester Galleries to-day. The artists are British and Continental. The home team includes Augustus John, R.A., Richard Sickert, A.R.A., Brockhurst, Nevinson and Mrs. Laura Knight, A.R.A.; and Picasso, Laboureur, Forain, Segonzac and Besnard are among the visitors.

A Fascinating Craft.

ETCHING, in itself is not, of course, an art but a craft; and the object of the craft is to obtain a number of reproductions of one drawing. As things stand to-day the prime object of the craft is thus out of date, because drawings can be quite easily and accurately reproduced by photographic processes.

But a print from a copper plate etched by an artist is always something more than a mere reproduction of his original drawing, because variations in the processes of engraving the lines on copper, of biting them with acid, and so forth, give the result special qualities that have a fascination of their own. Thus it comes that in these days, though any drawing can be reproduced in a few minutes by mechanical processes, the old-fashioned reproductions represented by etchings, engravings and woodcuts are still produced by artists and more keenly collected than ever before.

What Collectors Want.

COLLECTORS of etchings fall, I think, into three different types. The first type is the man who buys etchings by artists whose pictures he admires—often because most artists' prints are cheaper than their paintings; a collector of this type buys in fact the art contained in the etching, not the etching as a demonstration of the etcher's craft.

The second type of collector is the

"etching fan." This man delights in the special qualities in the etcher's craft to which I referred above; he is much more concerned with the print as a technical achievement than with the art which the process really exists to express, and he is curiously arbitrary about certain procedures—such as securing effects by clever printing, which he will tell you loftily is "simply not done" by the etcher-craftsmen of the higher ranks.

The third type of collector buys etchings in the same spirit that he buys stocks and shares. He buys for a rise in value; when the rise comes he sells; if no rise comes, or if he fails to get his money back, he describes the etching as "a dud."

There are prints in this Leicester Gallery show that appeal to each of these three classes of collectors, and there are some that appeal to all three types at one and the same time.

Augustus John.

AUGUSTUS JOHN will be ranked by our descendants as one of the finest of all English etchers. He rarely uses the copper nowadays and most of his etched work was done some years ago when he was more patient and cautious and less vigorous and assured as a portraitist than he is to-day. Nearly all his plates are portraits, mostly head studies of young women and of his men friends. Two characteristic examples in this exhibition are the studies of P. Wyndham Lewis, the Cubist painter, and Charles McEvoy, the playwright.

For some reason John's etchings are still cheap. If you are a man you can buy one for the price of fifty or a hundred good cigars, or if you are

a woman for the price of a new hat. (*Verb. sap.*)

When Etchings "Boom."

THE sensational "booms" in the prices of etchings by certain painters, and of particular plates, are almost as mysterious to the outside speculator as "booms" in stocks and shares. The explanation of the boom is generally, I fancy, that the prints—like the shares—rise in value partly of their own volition in response to a genuine demand, and partly as a result of considerable encouragement—of an artificial kind—from interested parties.

The ordinary copper plate from which an etching is printed is capable of bearing an edition of several hundred (except in the case of the dry point procedure, which is relatively rare) and if the plate is steel-faced it can bear an edition of thousands. As value consists, naturally, to some extent in rarity, artists, advised by dealers who act as their agents, now habitually destroy the plate after a relatively small number of prints have been pulled and once a demand is created for this limited edition



"Percy Wyndham Lewis." By Augustus John, R.A.

the price goes up. If a dealer or collector likes to speculate by buying twenty-five prints out of an edition of fifty and keeping them "in pickle" for ten years it may well be that when he releases all or part of his holding he will make a profit on a very handsome scale.



"That Old Fashioned Mother of Mine."
By Richard Sickert, A.R.A.

F. L. Griggs and Brockhurst.

TAKE, for example, the etchings of F. L. Griggs. Delicate prints of old English churches and so forth by this artist were offered in exhibitions year by year as they were produced for two or three guineas each. Ten years ago anyone could have bought ten Griggs' etchings for £30—and I knew more than one collector who did. Six months ago one of the leading English collectors sold ten Griggs' etchings for £400 and it would cost £600 to buy those ten to-day.

As all the world knows, etchings by Sir David Cameron and James McBey can now only be acquired by long purses, but there are always chances to acquire rising etchings by the McBeys and Camerons of to-morrow. The moment for the poor man to buy Griggs has now passed; and one has, I believe, to pay a good deal now for plates by Brockhurst. But Brockhurst's are bound to rise to really high figures, John's etchings, as I have suggested above, are still a sure investment, and Sickert's etchings and engravings are still quite cheap.

Sickert,

SICKERT is one of the most intriguing personalities among English artists. He started his career as Walter Sickert, the pupil and friend of Degas and Whistler. After the death of his masters his art developed as a link between that of the great French Impressionists (with Whistler) and the modern experiments

in the study of abstract pictorial form. His work remained relatively unknown to the general public, but it was appreciated by collectors of the advanced schools who regarded him as one of the few English artists of the older generations with a place in the main stream of modern European art.

Then, five years ago, when Sickert was sixty-four, an extraordinary thing happened. He was invited to become an Associate of the Royal Academy, and he not only accepted but dropped his first name, Walter, and used his second, Richard, because—he is reported, I know not with what accuracy, to have said—he now looked forward to be made P.R.A. and to receiving a knighthood, and "Sir Richard" would sound better than "Sir Walter."

From that time the prices of the pictures, drawings and etchings by Richard Sickert, A.R.A., began to rise. From an artist whose pictures would be bought for £40 apiece he became an artist who began at three figures. There are those who believe that our grandsons will pay the prices for his works that are now paid for Whistler's. I am not quite certain about this. But three really first-rate Sickert paintings and a complete set of his etchings and engravings bought six years ago would constitute to-day a much better "holding" than the same capital expended in any average shares. And there is joy to be had in the possession of the paintings and etchings.



"A Southern Blonde." By Laura Knight, A.R.A.

Hill and Mrs. Knight.

I REPRODUCE an etching in this exhibition by Vernon Hill. It is called "Sleeping Wind" and belongs to the Blake tradition of English allegorical composition. Hill is still a young man. He stands apart from most of the artistic tendencies of the day. He draws, etches and sculpts. I once saw an attractive carving which he did in the trenches. The material was the handle of a tooth brush and the only tool used was a penknife.

I also reproduce a new mezzotint called "A Southern Blonde," by Mrs. Laura Knight, who was made an A.R.A. last year. Mrs. Knight's etchings have the forceful character of her paintings and as I find her pictures disagreeable in colour I welcome this restriction of her palette to black and white.

The Foreign Etchers.

MOST of the English artists in this show seem to me to excel more as etchers than as artists. That is to say, they seem in most cases to have relatively little to say, as artists, in their prints, but to say it technically with very considerable skill. As a "job of work" nearly every print by an English artist here shown is admirably carried through. But it is not always clear why the job was done at all.

In the case of the Continental artists there is, as a rule, far less concentration on elaborate craft, but the etching considered as a drawing—is more frequently original; and, as I see it, art which is not original has very little excuse for its existence.

(Continued overleaf).



"A Sleeping Wind." By Vernon Hill.

MASTERS of ETCHING (Continued).

But originality by its very nature involves the taking of risks; it involves the courage to leave *terra firma* for a flight, or to leave a well-lit comfortable cottage for an expedition on a dark and frozen moor. An original work of art is the record of an intellectual adventure; and it is as such that many of the French etchings in this show appeal.

Picasso.

THE finest plates from this standpoint are those of Picasso, who is one of the greatest artists working in Europe to-day. Picasso, I believe, is a Spaniard. He has lived and worked most of his life in Paris. He has made the boldest and most uncompromising experiments in all forms of Cubism, and also in various forms of romantic and classical composition.

In what I regard as his finest drawings and etchings he uses the purest imaginable outline and hardly any shading. His line has the classical purity of the most accomplished drawings in Greek vases with a sensitiveness that is very rarely found in those drawings, because most of the surviving vases are school pieces bearing designs copied from drawings by good artists, but actually executed in the potter's shop.

Picasso's paintings are now enormously expensive. His etchings are still quite cheap. In fifty years' time many of his paintings will be less valuable, but his etchings will be worth £100 apiece.

The Light Touch.

THE French also excel in the light touch, in the drawing or etching which is unpretentious, semi-serious, and full of a dainty unreal charm. *Laboureur* and *Mdlle. Marie Laurencin* are types of modern French artists who produce attractive etchings of this kind.

Laboureur began as an illustrator and his "precious" elongation of his figures and whimsical fine line soon won him so many admirers that his etchings now sell as independent works of art.

Mdlle. Laurencin is the most feminine of all modern women artists. She makes no effort to be masculine or forceful. She conceives the world as an Adamless Eden, peopled by feminine dolls and feminine amusements. Everything in her work is light and pretty in a curious hyper-refined and intensely artificial way. Her work—like all women's work—is, of course, unimaginable without the artistic environment from which she has acquired an artistic language. But she has undoubtedly made to that environment a genuine contribution of her own.

Warquier and Segonzac.

TWO other French exhibitors call specially for mention. *Warquier* who records rather quaint and pleasing impressions of Venice, and *De Segonzac*, whose etching of a wood strikes me as full of intellect and style. *De Segonzac* made his reputation painting nudes and landscapes with an elephantine touch and gloomy colour. The majesty of many of these works was so forced that I always suspected this artist of working against his natural inclination and I assumed that his real attitude was the opposite—that he was at heart a rococo artist of the *Fragonard* tradition. This etching—which is light, delicate and essentially rococo—is confirmation of my view. Art—like truth—eventually will out.

SENSATIONAL CASE.

THE TRIUMPH OF RADIUM OVER RHEUMATISM.

The Famous Authoress, Lilly Porthan, Relates Her Experience.

"A small grey piece of flannel that looked like worn-out home-spun." Thus begins the authoress in her account of her experiences of "Radicura" radium packs. She continues:

So simple and unassuming is the external appearance of the celebrated Radium pack "Radicura." But it contains radium, which substance for the human body means health and strength. And, therefore, the pack is worth far more than gold or jewels.

As I myself have been entirely cured of serious rheumatism in the joints by these packs, I wish to convince other sufferers of the wonderful and rapid paregoric qualities which the "Radicura" packs possess.

A year ago I fell ill with severe pains, which began in both knees and quickly spread to all the joints of the body. The doctor declared that it was a most severe kind of rheumatism in the joints and very hard to cure. Medicines, compresses, electricity, nothing relieved or helped. The pains were horrible. The joints had become much inflamed, and I could not in the slightest degree move the left arm and the right leg. New ointments, new compresses. All in vain!

Every day I had fever, and the heart weakened through waking and pains. A burning headache gave me a presentiment that the rheumatism had already reached so high up. The sight became bad, and even the eyes ached, so that I saw everything as through a red mist. I had myself lost all hope. Then I heard something spoken of that was sure to cure. Just as a drowning person will clutch at even the weakest support, so I did at the new remedy which would be sure to cure me. It was ordered and it came.

I must admit that it was with a feeling of great disappointment, almost of contempt, that I examined the plain Spartan piece of flannel which was called "Radicura," and which would for certain restore me to health.

There on the sick-table was standing a considerable collection of proud jars containing expensive ointments, bottles of strong-smelling and richly coloured liquids, and patent tablets in neat glass tubes. These had not helped at all. And now the small radium pack was going to show them all what it could do.

It was placed on the most affected knee. And I waited. After about half an hour I

fell asleep. When I woke up, after having slept for three hours, the pain in the knee had grown considerably less and the fever had disappeared. The pack was placed on the shoulder. Two days later I could move as I liked the arm which had hitherto been stiff, and no pain was to be felt in it any more. Now I knew that it was the little pack which had brought me relief in my illness. I ordered a larger one. And thanks to these two packs, I got quite well, so that, after having used the same night and day for four weeks I had no more pains whatever and slept excellently. And my sight has grown much stronger since I have worn the pack on the forehead during the night. It was the radium, that wonderful substance, which soothed and cured.

(Signed) LILLY PORTHAN.

So much for the authoress. But it is not only against Rheumatism or its numerous forms that "Radicura" has proved its unique healing effect, but also against Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Insomnia, and other diseases which have their origin in defective metabolism. Our imposing collection of testimonials from persons in all ranks of society and in different countries bears witness to this.

Every "Radicura" bears a sealed certificate, signed by an eminent Government Geologist, attesting its Radio-activity.

It can be kept in the house for years and used again and still retain its activity. The "Radicura" material may be purchased for a few shillings upwards according to size.

Read our interesting brochure; it may be obtained post free, together with testimonials, by posting the attached coupon.

Cut out the coupon now, or mention this paper, when writing for literature to Radicura-Radiwoll, Ltd., 53, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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OUR WOMAN'S SECTION

EDITED
BY

EVERY reader is invited to make full use of "Britannia's" Service Department. A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed with each enquiry, and all letters should be addressed to the Julia Cairns Service Department, "Britannia," Inveresk House, Strand, London, marked "Furnishing," "Colour Schemes," "Beauty," according to the nature of the enquiry.

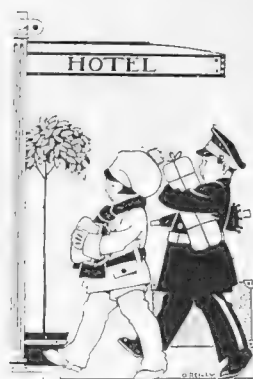
Julia
Cairns



Photo: Marcus Adams

Her Very Youthful Highness Princess Elizabeth, or, as we have grown to know and love her, Little Princess Charming.

TALKING of the *LITTLE* PEOPLE



An Hotel for Children

A Residential Hotel for Children! The latest venture on behalf of the Younger Generation comes to prove that modern children, who, one might have supposed, had everything, were without something, which they really need—an hotel of their very own.

Suppose there is illness in the house. Suppose the parents are moving. Suppose they are obliged to go abroad suddenly, their arrangements further complicated by having to leave a delicate child behind. In all these circumstances and in many more besides, the comfort of feeling that the child is somewhere with other children, happy and really well looked after, is hardly to be exaggerated.

LODGINGS of the ordinary type are thoroughly unsatisfactory. Friends and relations cannot always be relied upon to lend a hand. Even if they have the accommodation, we simply cannot ask them to turn their houses upside down and thoroughly complicate their own domestic situation.

Certainly there is a glorious sense of independence at the thought of just sending the children to a suitable hotel, where the prices, too, are most extraordinarily reasonable.

For lack of it, many a mother up till now has been forced, when without a permanent home, to take her small children with her from one grown-up hotel to another. And what life can be worse for them than one passed in such an atmosphere of artificiality and unhomeliness?

AT the hotel I have in my mind, they would be mixing with other children all the time. The food is suited to them. There are gardens and fields where they can play. The staff are trained in Child Welfare, competent nurses are at hand in case of illness.

Youngsters from one month to ten years can be accommodated, so it is ensured that each age will find its own little kindred spirit. And for those who are getting on in years, governesses take the place of nurses.

The small arrivals sometimes bring their own cots with them and always, of course, their own toys, though part of the cheery welcome that awaits guests is extended by the jolliest of Teddies and other friendly inhabitants of the toy world, for, in the bustle of packing, it is possible that an unsympathetic soul may have forgotten to include some very special friend.

R. J.

Learning by Playing

EDUCATION and the child—yes, what an unending problem it is. When we think of the learned little people of two or three generations ago, with Latin and Greek and mathematics at their finger tips, while still their years numbered a single figure, we wonder how their brains survived such treatment. The pendulum has swung back since then, and the modern child receives the opposite treatment—perhaps too much the opposite as some might think.

The Montessori System, however, seems really to have attained the happy medium. It is in fact education made delightful, and its theory can well be adopted by any mother or nurse.

The prevailing idea is that the child must be trained in self control from an early age, while at the same time it must be allowed to express its individuality without repression—it thus enters society fully equipped.

IN the Montessori schools the children from the age of three are taught to wash their hands and faces and to dress themselves. Exercises involving buttoning and unbuttoning, tying bows, lacing, setting the table, are given to the children, these being the baby's first steps on the road to discipline.

Visitors are immediately struck by the absorbing interest of the child in its occupation. All are busy. Babies are lying on the floor making stairs and towers; little girls, blindfolded, are feeling the texture of wools, silks, and cotton. Everywhere is the spirit of happiness because the play instinct, inherent in every child, is being utilised for the development of the mind.

CHILDREN should do as much work as possible with their hands to develop their powers of manipulation, so for tools, thumbs and fingers are best used at first. The materials necessary are quite simple—sand, plasticine, bast, newspapers, matchboxes, brown paper and crayons, a banana box.

Games with sand form a delightful occupation for children even from the age of three. Slightly damped and placed on a tray or in a shallow box, paths, hills and streets can be evolved by the little fingers, and with the addition of toy animals, soldiers, etc., quite realistic scenes can be made.

Plasticine, obtained in various colours, is a good medium for expressing the child's individuality. Jam tarts, loaves, cups, etc., can be modelled and fairy stories can be illustrated—the porridge basins of the three bears being a popular example.

MATCHBOXES glued together will please the boys. Chests of drawers, trains, wagons, tables and chairs can be constructed, and it is surprising how ingenious some of the efforts can become with the aid of boot buttons for handles, cardboard wheels, and a few pins.

C. M.

Beauty and the Baby

TAKE care of baby's skin. Don't wash it in hard water. If your water supply is very hard, steep a muslin bag of oatmeal in it for ten minutes before using; or boiling the water for ten minutes will help. Use a mild, super-fatted soap—only a very little, and it is best applied with a lightly-lathered hand. For rinsing, use a square of soft towelling, and dry with a dabbing, not a rubbing, motion, while baby is tiny, and dry very thoroughly indeed.

A dusting of powder is soothing and refreshing, but should never be used to make up for indifferent drying, or it will cake in the damp folds of baby's skin, and chafing and soreness will result.

If there is the slightest suspicion of redness or soreness, apply a little white vaseline or boracic cream, and always rub a suspicion of cold cream into baby's cheeks and around his mouth and chin before you take him out into wintry weather; then chafing need never occur at all.

BABY'S eyes can be kept beautifully bright if you cleanse them each day with a small square of soft white rag, or a swab of cotton wool, dipped in boracic solution (one teaspoonful of boracic powder to a pint of boiled water). Use a different swab for each eye, burning immediately after use, and be careful to let the lotion fall gently on to the eye from the inner corner outwards, turning baby's little head in order to make sure.

Baby's teeth should be cleansed daily with a soft rag dipped in boracic solution as soon as they begin to appear, and when he has about a dozen teeth a soft, small tooth-brush can be used.

Baby's hair should be washed daily for the first three months; after that not oftener than twice a week; and after the eighth month once a week is quite enough. Use only the smallest trace of soap, and rinse and dry very thoroughly. Damp, unrinsed hair is a frequent cause of scurf.

M. C.



"It was the happiest moment of my life," says Miss May B. Lee, "when Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, asked me to paint a miniature of her two small sons, the Hon. George and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles."

she would recount them to the two boys the next day—they loved stories, and I am sure they must have loved the delightful way Miss Lee has of telling them. For my part, I could have listened for hours to the entertaining anecdotes she had to tell—tales of the simple kindness and thoughtfulness of Princess Mary for all who worked for her; of the charm and tact of Masters George and Gerald; of the former's love of horses, and the latter's profound knowledge of engines. But to turn to the artist herself. Miss Lee graduated at the Lambeth School of Art (now, alas! in



Reproduction of a delightful miniature of Princess Mary's eldest son, the Hon. George Lascelles, painted by Miss May B. Lee, R.M.S.

ONCE upon a time . . . Miss Lee loves fairy stories; she made this confession to me a few days ago, as we sat in front of a friendly roaring fire in her studio—so we will begin her story in the orthodox way.

Once upon a time a very charming Princess honoured Miss Lee by asking her to paint a miniature of her two sons. The Princess, of course, was Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, and the two wee people the Hon. George and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. George, the elder was a little dubious about sitting for his portrait, for he could well remember the time, but a little while past, when he had been told to sit quite, quite still for simply hours, although small hands and feet were fidgeting and wriggling, anxious to be getting on with the serious business of playing with toys. A wise mother knew this; so on the first day, when they entered the room with her where Miss Lee was waiting, Princess Mary said: "This is Miss Lee, who is going to paint Gerald's portrait"—"And mine too," says the small



CHILDREN IN MINIATURE



And the Hon. Gerald Lascelles as seen by the artist. "I like all children, but these were particularly charming little people."



Very young and very thoughtful—very lovable, too, we think!

voice of George, anxious not to be left out in the cold. And so it all began.

OVERNIGHT Miss Lee would read up stories (Æsop's fables in particular), and

existence no longer), where she specialised in portraiture. She has exhibited in the Royal Academy and Walker Art Gallery since 1905, and in the Salon since 1907, and is a member of the Royal Miniature Society and the Society of Miniaturists. Because she is, perhaps, more widely known as a painter of miniatures, one is a little apt to overlook the larger portraits, executed in water colours, oils and dry-points, which she has successfully exhibited at various times. But it is in painting children that Miss Lee is most interested, her youngest sitter being only six months old. "He made an adorable miniature," she says, "sitting up so happily with his bare pink toes and outstretched hands." But whether her sitter be young or old, Miss Lee seems to have found the secret of charming the depths to the surface. I wonder whether it is because she, herself, has never forgotten how to play the nursery game of "Let's Pretend"?

M. D

A PEEP into CHRISTOPHER ROBIN'S NURSERY

NO wonder he has so many jolly friends in his Nursery

—Christopher Robin, I mean—for, as Pooh sometimes says, "It is so nice to be with Friendly Walls." You see, the Walls

are happy, for they have not stopped laughing since one morning when they watched the sun beginning to get up, and while he was stretching they clutched hold tightly of one of his rays and took it back to Christopher Robin's very own Nursery, where they simply *wouldn't* let go of it again.

I'll tell you a secret. At first, the Curtains were quite a little hurt. They wanted to be just like the Walls. But now, even Piglet agrees that they ought to be rather proud, because they have turned up in a most lovely gold colour; and, after all, gold really is more like the Sun itself than most of the other shades, isn't it? They began it, of course, and then the Cushions, too, wanted to come into the picture (which is only as it should be!), and they thought they simply couldn't quarrel with the Walls, and they did not want to hurt the feelings of the Curtains, so some of them came out in yellow and some in a golden orange, and everyone was quite happy.

One day, a lovely Spring morning came, and Christopher Robin, Piglet, Pooh and Rabbit all went out into Kensington Gardens to talk to Peter Pan. When they

*He made friends with us all
a long time ago, so let us
steal a glimpse into his Nursery.*

saw everything was such a lovely green, they decided that they ought to ask it in to the Nursery. Which they did, and when it came, it liked the Nursery so much that part of it stayed behind, just running laughing round the Walls—but only at the very edge of the top and the bottom where the mouldings are, because that was all they would allow.

Then the Pictures got to know about it, too, and quite a lot of them came, and insisted on talking to the Walls. It was then also that the Books heard, but there were so many of *them* that they had to have a home all to themselves—not a prison like some poor Books, but lovely large open shelves where they could talk together, and beckon to Christopher Robin; and at night, when everything else is quite, quite still, maybe you will hear Christopher Robin saying his prayers.

JULIA CAIRNS.



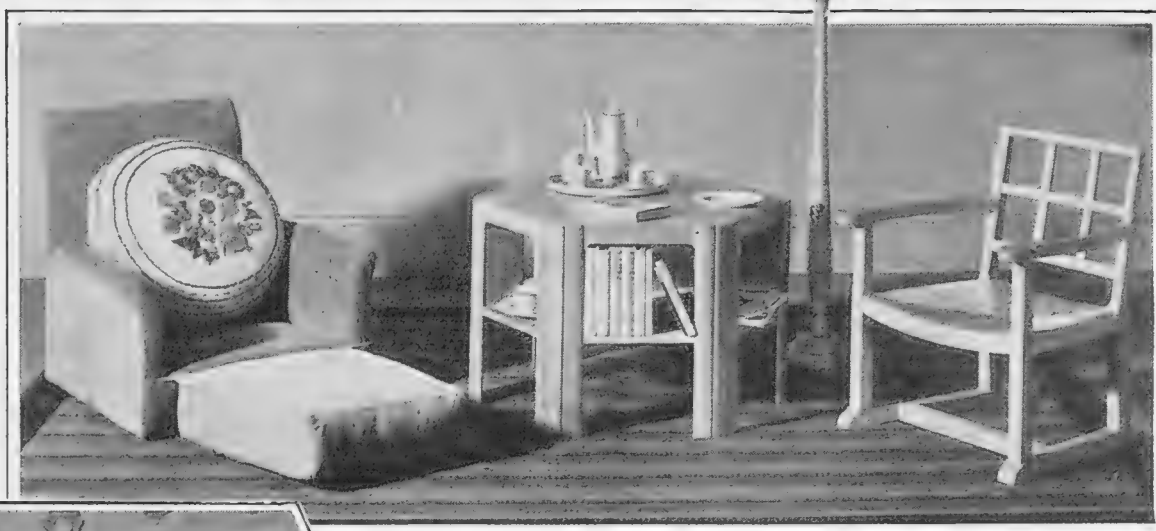
Here in his Nursery as in "The House at Pooh Corner," we meet many of Christopher Robin's friends. Pooh and Piglet preferring chairs, Kanga seated upon the table and Bouncy Trigger contemplating a leap from the Window, are all wondering whether sunny Walls, golden Curtains, and touches of Green are not almost as much fun as the real Forest. You see, here, they have always got the sunshine, and sometimes it does rain quite hard in the Forest. But wherever They are . . . "a little boy and his Bear will always be playing."

YOUR To-DAY and

By Marjorie Day

The table and chairs are exactly like the "grown-ups," and they are small enough to be comfortable for the little people. An attractive group of Nursery furniture in unpolished oak. [Heal & Son.]

Write, as directed on page 35, if you wish to have fuller particulars of these pieces of furniture.



THEIR To-MORROW

Or, the far reaching influence of furnishing a Nursery.

For the rest, a happy yellow is the best colour of all for the upper part of the walls, because on the dull days it brings back the memory of the sunshine and, when the sun really shines, it enhances the brightness of its rays.

From an early age children should be taught to be tidy—not by an incessant "telling," but by teaching them to take a pride

in their Nursery, in their bedroom, and in their toys. For the latter, a large built-in cupboard is best, and also a small bookcase or, perhaps, a few shelves built into the walls to house the books.

There are one or two small things that a "grown-up" world is sometimes apt to forget. Children love beauty and, if their tastes are moulded when young, that love will stay with them always. Flowers, for instance. Strange, isn't it, that there are so many flowers in the world, and so many Nurseries, even to-day, without them? But their gay colours are one of the first things to catch the baby's attention, and his funny little hands stretch out to touch them. Your Nursery must have its flowers. . . . Always.

Delightful pieces of furniture are obtainable—small replicas of the "grown-ups," so never imagine that any kind will do for the Nursery. It must essentially be simple and good, for its beauty will be remembered in after years, and your choice to-day will influence the taste, the mind, and the character of your children to-morrow.



White enamel furniture often finds its way to the rooms of the small people, where it is always loved. [Shoolbred.]

GENERALLY speaking, the mother of to-day furnishes her Nurseries with wisdom. If she makes any mistakes, it is because she listens a little too long to the clamorous voices of the times and, in doing so, ceases to hear plainly the whispers of her own childhood, which help her to understand the little human things about her own small people. For instance, she loved nothing better than to draw pictures with pencil or chalk, and she can still remember the scoldings she had when she drew queer little "squiggles" all over the Nursery walls. So, for her children, why not a blackboard or a dado of lino fixed to the walls for, say, three feet up from the floor, so that there can be endless "squiggles" and no scoldings? And, above the blackboard, a frieze of all the quaint Nursery folk. It is much more fun to have them down low enough to touch, than tucked away high up near the picture rail!



This large and practical chest—again in unpolished oak—will find a welcome in most Nurseries. [Heal & Son.]



THE FIRST

Reflect your own good taste in Your Children's clothes

ginghams or zephyrs, with knickers to match, and are so easily laundered, that getting grubby is no longer a crime.

Even party frocks are soft and yielding, for all their frills and furbelows, for they are carried out in crêpe-de-Chine, or georgette, or Jap silk, or the very softest of muslins. And, in the case of small boys, being dressed to go "into Society" consists of donning a

"Buster" suit, with velvet knickers and a shirt of lawn or silk.

Next to comfort comes the question of appearance, and here colour is all-important, for certain colours suit certain children, and others frankly do not. The various colour schemes, designed for Little People, are particularly delightful to-day, and what is more, the range of choice is just as wide as that for grown-ups.

LET me tell you about Penelope. Before her arrival, I must admit that I felt distinctly nervous concerning my capabilities for getting together an adequate outfit to await her, for I knew nothing of what babies needed. Luckily for my peace

BUYING clothes for oneself is always a glorious adventure, but buying them for small people is the biggest adventure of all.

You may feel with regard to your own frocks that you look perfectly charming in them; a hint of envy in the glances of your friends may confirm you in this happy belief; or some very nice person, whom you can rely upon to tell the truth, may put your secret thoughts into words; but except on those rare occasions when mirrors are so tactfully placed that you can have a good look at yourself, without the world "catching" you in the "act," opportunities for admiring one's own taste in clothes are few and far between.

But you can reflect your own taste in your children's clothes and get thrill after thrill over the manly appearance of Bobby in his first suit, or because a particular bonnet has brought out the blue in Betty's eyes.

A GREAT revolution has taken place during the last, shall we say, twenty years, with regard to children's clothes, and, with those who design them to-day, it is always "comfort first." Anything tight-fitting, that is likely to restrain the energy of small limbs, is anathema; so is anything stiff, starchy or prickly. Washing frocks are made of soft linens,

ON the right, the knit wool coat and cap worn by the first little figure costs 12/11 in a 12 in. size. The three piece pyjam set shown on the small person in the centre is priced from 12/11 in a 12 in. size. The price of the Baby's suit with a duckling in Art silk is 13/11 in a 12 in. size. (Messrs. Russell.)



THE knit wool coat and cap on the extreme left costs 12/11 in a 16 in. size. The three piece of brushed wool, complete with cap and leginettes, with continuations, is priced from 14/11 in size 14. And the boy's suit immediately below is 16/6 in size 14. (Russell.)

FOUR YEARS

and buying them will be a lovely adventure

of mind and my small daughter's comfort, a knowledgeable married friend made the excellent suggestion that I should betake myself to a well-known children's outfitter, where they specialise in "everything for the event," and order a complete layette. . . Night gowns, day gowns, house shawls, head shawls, *matinée* coats, bootees, bonnets and much else besides. The daintiest of affairs imaginable, all the tiny garments, many of them hand-embroidered, designed on the latest hygienic lines, and extraordinarily reasonable in price.

Children are certainly lucky in their clothes

to-day. They simply don't mind going to bed when it means getting into a deliciously warm dressing gown on which "Wilfred" finds a permanent home, in the form of embroidery! And aren't slippers to match a jolly idea? And embroidering "Rags," the dog of the year, on a pram rug, so that he can permanently guard its small occupant, is certainly a happy thought. No layette is complete without some pretty *matinée* jackets. The wee person who is wriggling on Nannie's lap wears one made of *crêpe-de-Chine*, daintily embroidered. And the hand-embroidered lawn frock worn

by little sister is very sweet too. It is to be found in various designs and colours. Smocking remains fashionable for nursery people, whether their frocks are carried out in *crêpe-de-Chine* or tussore, always, to-day, made with knickers to match.

THEN woollies, that mean soft cosiness right from the first. They are illustrated fully on the opposite page, carried out in every imaginable design and in various fascinating colour combinations.

Beginning at the beginning, there is the cosiest of pram sets, made in 12 in. and 14 in. sizes, to fit children at six and twelve months. It is a three-piece, consisting of a coat, cap and bootikin overalls, and is made in white and sky, white and pink, or sky and white. Another coat and cap of knit wool, for a tiny person, has an inlet stripe of artificial silk. It is to be found in two colour schemes, white, embroidered with forget-me-nots, and soft blue, embroidered with rosebuds. And a knit wool suit for a very wee person, which can be chosen in sky, rose or white, has a duckling in a contrasting colour embroidered on it in art silk. Three and four year olds can be cosily clad in a coat of knit wool with a fancy design that has a cap to match, in which the colour schemes, white and sky, apple and champagne, saxe and fawn, are particularly fascinating.

Or a three-piece of brushed wool, that includes a cap and leginettes, with continuations, will keep them snug and warm, whatever the weather does. And of course there are delightful knit wool boys' suits too. The one shown, that can be chosen in cedar and white, saxe and white, or apple and white, is smart and practical.

DON'T forget that the new arrival has to have a christening robe, which must be very, very smart, because he or she will make a first official appearance before admiring relations and friends. Penelope's was made of fine net, lined with Jap silk and very prettily trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace. The cloak worn over it was made of corded silk, hand scalloped and embroidered and finished with satin ribbon, and the bonnet matched. But if it's a boy he wears a cappel, not a hat, for anything masculine, so my Nannie indignantly informed me, would scorn to be christened in a bonnet!

And even after the first four years are passed, I propose to get thrills—right up to the time Penelope comes out and Peter (if there is a Peter) goes to Eton.

KATHLEEN GRANT.

NANNIE is holding a small person in a *crêpe-de-Chine* *matinée* jacket, daintily embroidered and with a Jap silk lining. Price 33/9. The lawn frock, hand embroidered, costs 18/11 in a 16 in. size. And the *crêpe-de-Chine* frock with matching knickers is priced at 31/9 in a 16 in. size. (Robinson & Cleaver.)



This QUESTION of DIET

By ALICE HUTCHISON, M.D., M.R.C.P.

AT the present time, with increasing interest in the psychological side of child-life, there is danger of minimising the importance of physical details. For instance, a haphazard nursery routine is greatly to be deprecated, while an orderly sequence of events conduces to health and happiness. The more, in early years, this sequence conforms to the arrangement of a railway time table, the better, though this does not preclude a very occasional relaxation. Of equal importance is it to carry it out without fussing, since to do otherwise would negative the benefit associated with regular routine.

The first year of a baby's life, if well managed, should be the prelude to a happy childhood, and since, in the baby, as in us, absence of gastric discomfort is essential to happiness, feeding is the first point which offers itself for discussion.

HAPPY the baby whose mother can make a sacrifice of leisure and of pleasure, in order to supply him with food for the first nine months. Not that the mere fact of possessing an adequate supply of milk, and of feeding at strictly regular intervals (four hours by day and eight by night), eliminates every risk, for, in breast as in bottle feeding, gastric discomfort may be produced by overfeeding. Indeed, too many babies are each year taken off the breast, and thus deprived of its advantages, because of the pain and discomfort produced by an over-plentiful supply which is not regulated. Instead of recognising symptoms as the result of over-feeding and dealing with these, it is presumed that the mother's milk does not suit the baby, and so recourse is had to cow's milk or to one of the dried milks. Whereas, if regulation of an over-plentiful supply is carried out by drawing off the surplus either before or during feeding (according to the needs of each individual case), a very rapid disappearance of indigestion frequently results. Additional help is sometimes afforded by giving the baby one or two tablespoons of boiled water, immediately before putting him to the breast, thus effecting a dilution of the mother's milk. It must, however, be acknowledged that, in some cases, few in number, no relief of symptoms is obtained till either cow's milk or one or other brand of dried milk is substituted for breast feeding. The weaning period may be quite uneventful, if prolonged over a month, by the withdrawal of only one breast feed each week, but there is a great temptation to overfeed with the solid foods to which the baby is gradually introduced. In order to avoid this, it is necessary to adhere strictly to the amounts prescribed in one or other of the manuals on the subject of infant care and feeding. By a year old, it is best to limit the child to three meals a day, breakfast, dinner,

and tea, the latter about four o'clock, and bed at six o'clock. Although a bed-time meal is by no means the only cause of disturbed sleep, the omission of this meal at once puts an end, in many cases, to complaints on this score.

THE risk of overfeeding is still an important matter, for there is too great a tendency to accept the child's demand for food as a guide, instead of following the dietary tables drawn up by authorities on the subject. It is interesting to find that some of these over-fed children are brought for advice on account of lack of appetite, and the real situation is only laid bare when careful questioning elicits

"The first year of a baby's life, if well managed, should be the prelude to a happy childhood. . . . A haphazard nursery routine is greatly to be deprecated."

the information that, including the supply of sweets, fruit, milk and biscuits at odd moments, the child has about six rather than three meals a day. No wonder he lacks appetite at the regular hours. Sweets and fruit are certainly essential, but should be supplied at the close of a meal, before leaving the table. Hard biscuits and rusks are greatly preferable to quantities of soft bread, which demand no biting and so are swallowed in a half-masticated condition. But they should be given as a substitute for bread at breakfast and tea time, while milk should also be given at these two times, and not between meals.

A pallid-faced child of two, with characteristic puffiness at the outer edge of the

eyes, was brought to a clinic for advice because he was gaining no weight. It was found

out that he was being fed on quantities of pap food, which included, not a saucerful, but a bowlful of groats, morning and night. With drastic cutting out of this soft food, reduction of the diet to three meals a day and the introduction of egg, fish, fruit, etcetera, he gradually regained a healthy appearance and rapidly proceeded to put on weight.

IT is essential that the growing child should have adequate and quiet sleep, and the association of overfeeding and restless sleep has already been pointed out. But irregularity of bedtime and late hours also play their part, though in different ways. Where no fixed hour exists, there is often much resistance to tidying away toys prior to undressing, and such resistance may end in an outburst of temper which disturbs sleep. The child who follows a fixed routine is helped by it more than we sometimes realise, so that the final tidying up at once suggests a happy bedtime hour, the best precursor of quiet sleep. Late hours lead to overtiring of the brain and so to disturbed sleep, with its inevitable harmful effect.

When a child develops the unfortunate habit of waking early, it is generally in the expectation of finding some sort of entertainment. If, for instance, it amuses him at five G.M. to stand up and walk about in his cot to the accompaniment of reproofs, then he finds it very dull to repeat the performance without this accompaniment. So, although it may sound harsh, put him in a room alone, and he will soon enjoy two extra hours of sleep, with corresponding improvement in his own health and in that of his parents or nurse, who often curtail their own rest, because they labour under the misconception that children *must* wake early.



"It is essential that the growing child should have adequate and quiet sleep . . . late hours lead to overtiring of the brain, and so to disturbed sleep, with its inevitable harmful effects."

For the *FIRST* *DAYS* of *ALL*

Nothing is too good for each little human blossom and, from the earliest days, the minutest attention should be given to Nursery accessories.



A daintily trimmed cot that only awaits its small occupant to be quite complete.

BABY'S own special travelling hamper is as pretty as it is practical.

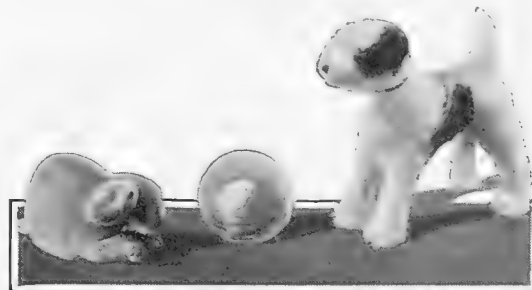


BABY is a veritable little autocrat, and the demands made by him do not cease with his wearing apparel. There is his cot, made of plain or polished wood or enamelled in white, which must, of course, be trimmed. Trimmings are infinite in their variety. There is plain or spot net, edged with a net frill and underlined with pale blue, pink, or white silk; or white or coloured organdi, edged with lace and underlined with white or coloured mercerised lawn. Nor must the satin ribbon bow be forgotten, in white, pale blue, pale pink, lemon, vieux rose, saxe blue, etc.

Ideal cot trimmings are sold separately and ready to fix to cots, and are easily taken off for washing. The valances being complete with an inner lining of sateen to cover over the inside of the cot hammock and to rest just underneath the mattress. Then there is the hamper that contains, in the lower part, the new arrival's wearing apparel, and in the tray, his various toilet requisites. Hampers are finished in a variety of styles. Some are trimmed with plain muslin, some with spot muslin, some with plain, some with figured voile, with linings of white or coloured sateen and finished with small rosettes and baby ribbon in different colours. Baby's toilet fittings, powder box brush, soap box, comb, sponge box and tray are very dainty, too, and can be chosen in white, pink, or blue, often even painted in some simple floral or fairy tale design.

ANOTHER type of travelling basket that is sacred to toilet fittings alone. Aren't these attractive, in pink, white, or blue? Sometimes they are even painted in various designs or bear the owner's monogram.

WISE mothers make certain that, during the first years, toys are not only soft but germ proof, and carried out in a washable fabric. These are sure of finding favour in every up-to-date Nursery.



[Photographs by kind permission of Treasure Cot Ltd.]



Building-up Energy and Robust Health



MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—every father and mother delights in this evidence of glorious health.

The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the richest of Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs. It contains a superabundance of the nutritive elements which build up brain and body and create energy and vitality.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality, and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health. The children specially need "Ovaltine" during the winter to enable them to resist colds and epidemic infections.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/3, 2/- & 3/9 per tin.

THE NURSERY MENU

THE only way to treat children rightly is, as much as possible, to look at the world from their point of view—to think out how things must sound, seem and taste to them. We are all children of a larger growth, and it is a help to realise that children are much more like grown-ups than for the most part we remember. This applies strongly to the Nursery Menu. Do let us be a bit more sympathetic about it than we are wont to be, while at the same time never forgetting that we are building these little bodies to become strong or to become weak, to become healthy or to become sickly. I am not offering a learned discourse upon dietetics, but a few hints, which I hope will be suggestive and helpful to some of those who are responsible for Nursery Menus.

Infancy.

MOTHER, Doctor and Baby decide in each individual case what the first menus are to be and there is not an exciting variety! One course only! Mankind "takes to the bottle" early, right from the beginning, sometimes. What shall be the exact contents of that "bottle" Mother and Doctor, or trained Nurse, will decide. It is fortunate that there is choice of several admirable foods for infant feeding, some of them graded to the growing digestive powers of Master Baby or Miss Baby.

The Next Steps.

BUT I am here concerned with the menus to be set before little men and women who have teeth to bite with and digestive powers suited to a quite varied dietary. Straightaway I urge that if eating is not made a pleasure to children, as we try to make it to ourselves, a child is not to blame when he—or she—turns away from wholesome food. Tact and understanding and sympathy are called for. Never should be used that pernicious phrase: "This is good for you." Do not set before them anything that is *not* good for them! Look after the details. The children's table should be daintily set, always with flowers, and the food served as appetisingly as is that of the elder folk, at least. Gaiety should be encouraged at meal time. Laughter is the best sauce. One general note: a child's food must not all be "soft goods," something that must be scrunched or chewed to bits before it is swallowed must be provided. There are many sorts of rusks and biscuits particularly suited to childish desires and digestions, including "digestive," crackly crusts of bread, toasted bread, especially brown bread. Among them may be mentioned Ovaltine rusks, which are delightfully crisp and crunchy, and are not only made with unadulterated flour but contain a proportion of the well-known food beverage after which they are named. All these are helpful to the health of the teeth, because they necessitate vigorous jaw exercise, which strengthens the muscles, so inducing a flow of blood, which

provides a healthy "soil" for the teeth to prosper in, and a flow of saliva, which chewing mingles with starchy foods and which is necessary to their digestion.

Discreetly and properly fed a healthy child does not "hate" this, that and t'other thing. Forcing should never be indulged in. If, for example, fat of meat does not appeal, do not force it. Milk, butter, olive oil, and dripping providing the fats that must be consumed. Oh, my splendid memories of dripping toast! Toast spread, in no niggardly spirit, with a mixture of one part of fresh beef dripping to two parts of best brown sugar! I revel in it to-day—when I am allowed it! Then there is a flaky suet pudding, steamed, and with treacle or golden syrup. Children rightly love, and should rightly be given, lots of sweet things. Or, brown bread, fried crisply in bacon fat, is always warmly welcomed. Then just this general dietetic hint. Three things are essential to a proper dietary: Protein, which is principally a body-builder, and which is supplied by such things as meat, fish, eggs, cheese. Fats, either directly attached to meats, or in milk, butter, olive oil, dripping; sugar and starchy stuffs, in potatoes, rice, cereals (bread, biscuits, etc.), macaroni and

Our Woman's Section.

INTERESTING FEATURES
of NEXT WEEK.

*A Special Interior Decoration
Supplement*

and

"The Truth About Women's Work"
by May Edgington.

FEBRUARY 8th, 1929.

so forth. These last two classes providing energy or driving power. But I must leave preaching and get to practice.

Breakfastings.

JUST this: Fresh fruits are splendid, eaten with milk, or, if stewed, with one of the many excellent breakfast "foods." We do not eat enough fruit in the morning, or, indeed, at any time. Then there is porridge, well made and in small quantities it is fine farings, especially as there are many specially prepared "oats" at your disposal. Eggs are magnificent food. But never hard-boiled, only nicely set. Or scrambled, or in omelette form, for a mid-day meal. You and I like omelettes, so do kiddies. For drinks, not tea or coffee. There is milk, with just the chill off and sometimes a little sugar in

A DAINTY DINNER.

Purée of Spinach & Cream Cheese

Suet Pudding & Golden Syrup

Fresh Fruit

Home Made Lemonade

Or cocoa, rightly made:—boiled with skim milk and munificently sugared—or, certain of the best patent foods, which supply concentrated and correctly balanced nourishment in an easily digested form.

Generals.

MEATS are best stewed and sensibly accompanied with vegetables. Occasionally, boiled, but then do not show the joint, which is not pretty, but set the proper portion before the eater, minus fat if so preferred. A separate vegetable course is often appetising and therefore popular. "Greenery" of all kinds should be steamed, otherwise they lose all their valuable qualities and simply occupy room. Here that Vitamins come in, as, of course, elsewhere. Spinach, steamed, also, cabbage, also, Brussels sprouts. Raw cabbage, served say this way: chop very finely and then pass through a coarse sieve the green only, no stalk; mix a dessertspoonful of this with some very finely minced raw lean of beef-steak, a little salt and a dash of tomato ketchup. Give it a pretty name, such as "Fairy Cabbage," and it will be a "goer." Potatoes baked are the best, and are such fun eating when they are very hot. They must never be boiled, but steamed in their unbroken skins.

Fish should be steamed and can then be presented in many dainty ways, as with a white sauce with baked breadcrumbs on top. A well constructed Kedgeree is not to be sneezed or even coughed at.

Be Sure of Your Brand.

EGGS and milk are necessities. Custards, baked or boiled, cold or hot, are excellent, variety being achieved by flavourings and in accompaniments, such as jams, marmalade, stewed fruits. First-class jams and marmalades, and tinned fruits are admirable and wholesome. Your security for their being first-class is *always* to buy a first-class "Brand." Branded goods and those which bear the name of a reputable maker are trustworthy; if they were not, their hard earned reputation would soon vanish. A trade mark is a guarantee of "guaranteed" excellence. I do not mean that unbranded goods must be poor class, they may be first, but branded goods, especially tinned goods, have a reputation to live up to. It is amazing how many goods are now branded. Cream cheese, for example. Which, especially the lactic variety, can in many ways be made delicious for children. Here is an out-of-the-way: make a *purée* of cabbage, spinach, or lettuce, and then mix in a small amount of lactic cream cheese, and cover the dish with baked breadcrumbs; this may not sound exciting, but it is very

(Continued on page 47.)



No teething troubles now

TEETHING time is "Ovaltine" Rusks time. These delicious rusks save much of the fretfulness of this troublesome period by giving just that assistance necessary to bring the little teeth easily through the gums.

"Ovaltine" Rusks not only assist the easy cutting of the teeth but they keep them healthy and aid the development of well shaped jaws. Then, too, they are so wholesome—so full of nourishment. Made from the finest wheaten flour—unbleached, unadulterated, and containing all the nutritive elements. To this is added a proportion of "Ovaltine"—which adds to their nutritive value and renders them easy of digestion.

Let your baby have "Ovaltine" Rusks and you will assist in the development of strong, sound teeth and ensure freedom from dental troubles in later years.

Children—and adults too—prefer "Ovaltine" Rusks to bread or biscuits at meal times. They are particularly acceptable when eaten with cheese.

'OVALTINE'
Rusks
APPETISING
DIGESTIVE &
NOURISHING

Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

R55



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Every mother wishes the best for *her* Baby. Every article at Treasure Cot is carefully chosen or designed by experts who know just what is right for his health and happiness. The Treasure Catalogues below have proved invaluable to thousands of mothers, both in their preparations for Baby's advent and in the safeguarding of early growth and progress.

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THE NURSERY MENU

(Continued from page 45.)

much so. Stewed, or tinned, fruits go splendidly with cream cheese spread upon brown bread or digestive biscuits. A banana can be made a fool of! So can a gooseberry, a strawberry, and an apple. Make fools of them. Fresh fruit jellies are easy to make, and still easier to get rid of when there are children in the house! The food value of honey, when it is a good brand, is usually grossly underestimated as a children's food. It can, and should, be used often in place of sugar as a sweetener. It is "rich" in the very best kind of sugar. It makes delicious sandwiches. So do many other good things such as jams, marmalade, fresh fruits, mustard and cress, cream cheese, and so on. If you are going to make them for me, brown bread, please. And don't forget the butter! Sandwiches are so convenient to eat. And so easy!

Liquid Refreshments.

I HAVE already mentioned cocoa and Ovaltine, and now say: do not forget chocolate, which is a splendid and wholesome food. For drinking, mix it with hot milk or hot milk and water. Home-made lemonade is excellent, thus: Into a dessertspoonful of lemon juice (the real thing), mixed with a teaspoonful of liquid honey, mix a well beaten fresh egg; stir well, and liven up with soda water. This is food as well as drink, and may be useful when appetite is in abeyance. Barley water is most refreshing, sweetened with honey and excited with lemon juice. And, as bed-time approaches, there are many other nutritious beverages from which to

choose—"preparations," which are wholesome and tasteful.

In Conclusion.

THIS has been but a sketch, an outline intended to "suggest" how well varied the Nursery Menu can be. Look at the matter this way: health waits upon the digesting of good food and digestion waits upon appetite, and appetite upon the presentation of the right things in the right way at the right time. The children are helpless in our hands; it is for us to help them. In the nursery are built the futures of our children.

AND SOME SOUPS FOR YOURSELF FOR THE COLD DAYS.

SOME famous soups had better never have been borne to table! Others deserve their good names, but not their usually foolish French titles. A few are quite easy to make; for example, Oxtail. Thus: wash two oxtails and cut them into lengths, which the joints will help you to do. Put two or three tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying pan, make it very hot, and then cook the tails therein till the meat has turned a nice brown. Do some skimming! Then transfer to a pan, adding a chopped onion, not a big one, half-a-dozen smashed cloves, a small carrot sliced, pepper, salt, and two quarts of water or of brown stock; if you use water be sure and add a teaspoonful of some reliable meat essence. Simmer till the tails are quite tender. Lastly, a tablespoonful of Madeira; for the soup, not for your-

self. This is one of the most delicious and nourishing of soups. We should be truly thankful that oxen are so thoughtful as to wear tails.

THERE are many to-be-admired vegetable soups. This is one that must be avoided, however, by an expectant nephew or niece who after dinner will be giving a chaste salute to a rich old aunt or uncle. Cut up, fairly small, three medium sized onions and fry them in butter to a golden-brown, not a black-brown. Stir in, ardently, a tablespoonful of flour, which fry until it also is golden brown. Then put this mixture into a pan and pour in three pints of stock. Boil sharply! Stir briskly! Pour it through a finish sieve. Boil briskly! Just before taking it to table stir in the yolks of two eggs. Eat quickly.

TO conclude: Here is an ancient recipe, which has always amused me: "The water in which meat has been boiled makes an excellent soupe for ye poor, by adding to it vegetables, oatmeal or peas." I should think it did! Call it *Potage à la Milord* and it will prove acceptable to even the moderately well-to-do!

Make your Cookery Problems
ours. Write as directed on
page 35.

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HEALTH for TO-MORROW



Every round
a square meal

Eat HOVIS regularly and you will feel all the better for it. It nourishes nerves and muscles and fills you full of energy!

HOVIS

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Best Bakers Bake it.

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LORD BIRKENHEAD.

Lord Birkenhead, who has been away on holiday, will shortly restart his articles in BRITANNIA. He will contribute a weekly commentary on current affairs, political and otherwise. The national importance of this arrangement—probably the most interesting ever made in modern journalism—is obvious.

No elector can claim to be well-informed unless he has read Birkenhead in BRITANNIA.

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BRITANNIA

The THIN LINE

There was a thin line between Hilda Lanston and death—the thin line of talk—when she was trapped in the rooms of a murderer and blackmailer.

By JOHN HUNTER

LIFE flowed brilliantly across the ground floor of the Hotel Magnificent, Piccadilly. There was a dance in progress in the ballroom; late diners were dotted about in the four great restaurants; people lounged and talked in the winter garden, and the high song of jazz drowned the murmur of their voices.

An elevator lifted Hilda Lanston to the first floor, and she stepped into the long corridor which pierced the hotel from east to west. It was deserted, a narrowing avenue of closed, mutely defiant doors, of polished marble and rich carpet, dim-lit, with a stealthy silence resting on it. Hilda had an absurd inclination to walk tiptoe, to look back as though something moved invisibly behind her. She felt tremendously alone. The polished doors were like unreadable faces set all about her.

It was ridiculous, she decided. That Barson had never before sent for her at this hour was indicative of nothing significant. He probably wanted some information about a stock deal which he had forgotten, and she was erecting an edifice of fear on the flimsy foundation of a hypersensitive imagination reinforced by the knowledge that she had hugged to herself ever since that morning. She reached the door of Barson's suite and, tapped on it. Barson himself admitted her.

As she followed him into the sitting room she asked herself exactly how much the events of the day had upset her normally steady nerves; for she found that she was looking at Barson as though she had not been his secretary for twelve months, but had just met him and was appraising him. He was undeniably handsome—tall, with dark hair slightly grey at the temples, a fine easy man about forty, with a clean-shaven clever face and eyes like grey stones.

"Were you dancing?" he asked; and, before she could answer; "With young Fawcett, I suppose? Nice boy. Clever, too. I like clever men—and women; but not too clever." He smiled enigmatically and urged a chair forward for her. "People who are too clever are dangerous."



He smiled enigmatically and urged a chair forward for her. "People who are too clever are dangerous."

SHE sank into the big chair. Barson walked across to the sideboard and helped himself to a whisky and soda. The sideboard was nearer to the door than the chair in which she sat. She could see Barson's eyes lifted to the mirror at the back of the sideboard, watching her.

There was a swifter beat at her heart, a little outcry of fear within her. That impression of loneliness begotten of her walk down the long and deserted corridor was intensified. She felt that she was shut away with Barson in a quiet and luxurious prison where stealthy shapes dwelt and whispered together.

Barson turned and leaned against the sideboard, holding the whisky up to the light and twisting the slim stem of the glass between his fingers and thumb.

"You're very quiet," he observed. "You haven't spoken a word. Do you feel ill?" His eyes mocked her.

She said, breathlessly: "Why did you send for me?"

His brows lifted slightly. "Agitated? All that deft and clever coolness evaporated? Now that disappoints me. I have always admired you." His gaze dropped to her feet and lifted to her hair. "Admired you very much," he added quietly. "I like tall

slim women, women with dark wavy hair and dark eyes, rich lips. I like a woman who dresses so that women as well as men stare at her when she passes. I like a woman who knows what perfume to buy and exactly how much of it should be used. All these things I have admired in you—plus your cleverness. But"—he sipped the whisky—"you have been just too clever. Pity, isn't it?"

She could sit no longer. She felt that, deep in the big chair, she was dominated by him, beneath him so that he might easily crush her. She stood up and the movement helped her to shake off the spell of him. She did not answer him immediately, but took a cigarette from her vanity bag and lit it. He watched her with smiling eyes.

"That's good. That's what I should have expected of you. My God! We'd have made a team—you and I, wouldn't we?"

Drawing at the cigarette helped further to steady her, though it could not still the banners of terror that waved across her brain and threatened to smother it.

"Still silent?" added Barson. "Frightened, eh? You look it. I've always told myself that you were essentially feminine,

that you were built to be protected and—loving—to be loved; but that you were successfully able to thrust that femininity aside when occasion and circumstances demanded. But it seems that I haven't altogether been right, because if ever you needed to be cool in your life it is just at this minute. I know everything."

She forced herself to speak. "I suppose you are remembering that Bob Fawcett knows I have come here, that the hotel telephone operator took your message and that a page brought it to me? You will not forget these things?"

He smiled crookedly and shook his head. "Oh, no. You must forgive my resenting that question, but it hurts my proper pride. In fact the message was conveyed to you through those very channels because I deemed it safest. You see there was no attempt at subterfuge on my part. I sent for you openly. But—in about ten minutes I shall telephone again asking why you have not come. There will be a little note of impatience in my voice."

Barson gestured carelessly. "You will never have reached this room. They will search. There will be inquiries. I shall be very agitated. They will find you in a quiet corner somewhere on this floor—and you will be unable to speak. It will be a nice little mystery for them."

"I see." The words were whispered. She stood with the cigarette smouldering away between her fingers—forgotten.

BARSON finished the whisky and threw the glass across the room. The action startled her, emphasised the tremendous peril of her position. Barson, despite his easy talk, his cool smile, was as disturbed as herself. She looked at the table in the middle of the room. There was a heavy bronze paperweight on it. Beyond were the curtained windows which she knew looked over the square well of the hotel. Below, down in the well, was the glass roof of the winter garden.

Would it be possible to snatch the paperweight and hurl it through the chink where the curtains met so that it crashed through the window and down through the roof of the winter garden? It was a quick and desperate way of raising an alarm, and it might be effective in bringing the help she now knew she so urgently needed.

Barson's voice interrupted her thoughts. "I shouldn't measure the distance to the window, if I were you." His tone changed. Something leapt into it, as though a whip had cracked viciously. "I'd have you down before you reached it."

He took a deep breath. "We mustn't quarrel—yet. I want to talk quietly to you. By the way, though I've known you for a year as Miss Gray, I now, of course, guess that you are Lanston's sister. There was talk of a sister at the time, but I, forgetting, for once, the importance of every detail, did not trouble to identify her. What is Lanston's number? B.78 isn't it? He has a long while to do yet. Lifers don't get out under fifteen years."

She tried to answer him, but could not. She saw all her strivings coming to naught. For twelve months she had forced herself to be courageous, had sunk her own vivid and living personality in the cool and colourless woman who had passed as Miss Gray, and the end of it all was this quiet talk, with death standing at her shoulder while life throbbed splendidly one floor down.

"You killed Matthews." She spoke tensely. "I know it. I have the proof. It was you who struck him down because he knew you for what you are, a thief who calls himself a financier, a blackmailer who pretends to deal in big business. Jim was just a weak fool."

Barson put up his hand. "A minute. Don't raise your voice. It destroys the illusion of gentleness. Let's discuss the matter decently. Matthews, anyhow, was only a moneylender, and an inquisitive one at that."

"Too inquisitive. He set himself to discover your secret, and he did so."

"Like you. Too inquisitive. I said just now too clever. Perhaps it's both. We won't argue. And your brother Jim borrowed money from him he couldn't pay, and there was an interview at night, a quarrel, when the light went out, and Jim was found a bit dazed and Matthews dead with his head badly smashed. That's right, isn't it? A very pretty and delicate situation. All in the best of taste. I'm sure you're proud of Jim." As far as I can remember, Jim could give no adequate explanation of what happened, save that he swore he did not hit Matthews, that he had not touched the blunt instrument—to wit, a heavy poker snatched from the fireplace—with which Matthews was killed. It was found that Matthews had been what I believe is called in the vernacular hard on him, and Wallis, Matthews's one manservant, gave evidence that he had heard Matthews provoking him. That let him out on a relieve."

"Yes—Wallis," said Hilda quietly.

Barson laughed. "Wallis is dead. He was killed this afternoon in the boat train smash outside Amiens. I have confirmed the preliminary identification by telephoning a newspaper office. He was very clever—Wallis. He saved Jim's life so that his own schemes were furthered. I have the written statement he gave you, here."

SHE drew back a little. The door of the bedroom was behind her—open. She had no idea of endeavouring to escape that way. She wanted only to get as far from him as possible. His words fell on her ears like footfalls, inexorable, marching nearer, fateful footfalls, threatening.

He continued musingly. "You've been clever, and at the last you've been foolish. Wallis, of course, was a petty blackmailer. Greek meeting Greek, eh?" She saw the twisted smile once more. "He knew everything, because he saw everything. I pondered, at the time, on the advisability of quieting him or paying him. I decided to pay, because he had written a full statement of what he had seen and had put it into a safe deposit. The envelope containing the statement was to be opened at his death. An old trick, but a good one. That statement was sold to you by Wallis on condition, I presume, that you allowed him grace to get away from England—and the police. He had his points, our Wallis. He'd lived splendidly on my money for fifteen months. Hard luck to be killed because a French engine driver made a mistake. But lucky for me."

She was standing in the bedroom doorway. Now she could not even pretend to answer him coolly. She could hardly think clearly enough to fashion phrases. Behind his twisted smile, his smooth and even speech, she could see the devil in him gibbering at her. She had discovered his secret, and like Matthews, who also had discovered it, she would be silenced. When she looked into his cold grey eyes she looked into the eyes of death. There was a ceaselessly moving terror in her. Her hands were clenched so that the finger nails hurt her.

He took an envelope from his pocket. "I found this in your room. Accidents happen to the best contrived schemes, and such an accident befell you. It was by chance that I saw you talking to Wallis three days ago."

He paused, and his face changed, set hard, like rock. "By God! That was a moment. I understood everything in a flash. I wasn't clever about discovering you. My luck was in. That's all. It has held since—even till this afternoon when Wallis was killed. You have probed and searched patiently for twelve long months. Then—a snap of fate's fingers and I knew all. You ought to see the joke even though it's against you."

His voice dropped. "I thought—and thought. I knew that a thin line divided me from death, even as a thin line divides you from death at this minute. D'you remember that book boys read? *Treasure Island*? When Silver tells the lad that they're within half a plank of death? Sounds melodramatic, doesn't it? Would be sneered at to-day by our restraint merchants. But it's not exaggerated. There's just a thin line between you and the end of things—the thin line of this talk of ours, while we get things clear, and so finish.

Your little devil!"

The Week's Quotation.

[The last session of the present Parliament opened last week].

These fellows of infinite tongue . . . they do always reason themselves out again.—
Shakespeare.

HE was half-way across the floor of the sitting room, pale-faced, with burning, shifting eyes and twisted lips. His words were no longer soft and smooth, but like lava flung at her.

"I wanted this." He held up the envelope. "How you got into touch with Wallis I neither know nor care. But you had done so. You had worked for me as my secretary and you had spied on me, smiling, polite, very beautiful and alluring. It wanted nerve to wait and watch you, to refrain from flying into a panic. It cost me a lot. I saw you meet Wallis at Victoria this morning. I saw the exchange of envelopes—yours holding money, I suppose, his . . . this one. I followed you. I never let you out of my sight. You came back here—straight—and went to your room. I worked fast—I was working for my life."

She was swaying slightly. She put out her hand and held the jamb of the door separating the bedroom and sitting room. When he had finished his staccato breathless talk he would kill her.

She wanted to scream, but knew that screaming would only hasten the end. Perhaps there was a furtive madness in his eyes, but knowledge of that did not help her. The envelope he held mocked her. Therein lay her brother's freedom and Barson's

condemnation. It had rested in her keeping that morning, and she had failed to use it because a scoundrel had made it part of his bargain that she waited forty-eight hours.

The irony of it was like a sword driving at her heart. She had lost all through consideration for Wallis, because she had kept faith with a man who had never known what faith meant.

The fates were against her, and working for Barson. She saw that clearly. Luck had allowed Barson to witness one of her meetings with Wallis. Luck had decreed that the boat train should smash and for ever silence Wallis. When she lay dead and the document was burned Barson was free as the wind that drifted along Piccadilly under the stars.

She had to think. She repeated this monotonously, while Barson stood leaning forward slightly, animal, as though he would spring.

She had to think. She must find a way out. She must make for herself an avenue of escape from this quiet place where Barson mouthed at her and death waited unseen.

It seemed impossible. She could not reach the outer door of the suite. At this hour—not long after dinner—nobody moved in the upper regions of the hotel. Barson knew that when he sent for her. A single cry from her would bring Barson at her throat like a beast. She was trapped beyond freeing, doomed beyond salvation.

And yet—the brain which had appreciated the significance of the first flimsy clue, that glance Wallis had bestowed on Barson after he had given evidence at Jim's trial, surely would serve her now that her need was so great?

BARSON was talking again but she was not listening. She was thinking . . . thinking . . . spurring her reeling senses into their stride, thinking for her life. Barson had said there was a thin line between her and death, the thin line of talk, the thin line of talk . . . Talk . . . thin line . . . talk . . .

Her head was filled with madness. The same words repeated themselves again and again. Thin line . . . talk . . . talk . . . So the idea came to her. Still clinging to the door jamb, her eyes half closed, she braced herself for the effort essential to the practice of her plan.

What was Barson saying? “. . . and directly you were gone I went to your room and searched it. I have peculiar keys that master most locks. You had been foolish enough to leave the envelope in the bottom of a drawer under some clothing. You thought you were so safe—that I did not suspect.”

She must act or it would be too late. She suddenly jumped backwards and slammed the door. For a fraction of time Barson stood motionless; then, with an oath, he leapt forward and wrenched the door open. By that time she was on the far side of the bedroom, facing him, her back against the little table at the head of his bed, one hand held before her as though she would ward off his attack.

“A moment,” she panted. “Please. Please.” Her eyes turned in the direction of the bedroom window, curtained like that of the sitting room.

Barson laughed. “Thought you'd have

She went on while he thought these things. “You sent my brother to prison.” It seemed, thought Barson, that she was saying any words that came into her head—foolish words, mad words. He wanted to jump in and finish it.

“You've got me here to avoid the consequences of your crime I want help! Help! And there's nobody to help me. I want help more than ever a woman wanted it. And it does not come. Hurry it! Hurry! It will be too late.”

“You're mad,” snarled Barson. “And keep your voice down D'you hear? Silence.”

“I won't I won't! Help! Help!”

He jumped at her. She was mad. She stood and talked folly while the minutes passed.

Her scream was high and long as she came forward.

She went sideways, against the bed, and Barson saw what her body had hidden from him, what she had done in those brief seconds before she opened the bedroom door after she had slammed it.

On the little table was the telephone instrument which is to be found at the head of every bed in a big hotel.

The receiver was off the hook—standing on the table!

Barson's movements ceased. The envelope

dropped to the floor. The girl was lying back, her eyes closed

As Barson awoke to the reality of it the outer door opened and a porter and an hotel detective came rushing into the suite.

WHEN they picked Hilda up she was holding the green cord connection of the telephone. They wondered what her sobbing words meant. “The thin line . . . of talk. . . . The thin line.”

She began to laugh, and, laughing, slipped limply in the grasp of the man who held her.



ARTHUR FERRIER

“A moment,” she panted.
“Please. Please.”

time to get out to the fire-escape, eh? Well, I suppose desperation lends madness to us all. You hadn't a chance in a thousand.”

She gestured wildly. She began to speak in a high, hysterically ringing voice that filled the room.

“You've talked—and talked. And now you're going to kill me. You'll kill me as you killed Matthews, because I've discovered your guilt. You've trapped me in this room.”

Barson considered her curiously. Her eyes were now wide open, alight with something that looked like madness. He had never imagined her voice could change so. She was shouting, with a sob in her throat, talking insanely. In his savage desire to make her suffer for what he deemed her treachery, he wondered if he had broken her reason.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS

We regret that owing to pressure on space the Crossword (No. 10) is unavoidably held over this week.

CROSSWORD No. 8—Winners of one year's free subscription to BRITANNIA:—J. B. Lewis, Waldrist, Arle, Cheltenham; Arthur H. Dudney, 210, Ashby Road, Burton-on-Trent; Colonel C. A. Young, 6, Crescent Road, Wokingham; Mrs. A. L. Forge, Walmley Vicarage, Birmingham; G. F. Miles, 41, Pleydell Avenue, Upper Norwood, S.E.19.

THE ART OF THE POTTER

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES
TAKEN BY
MR. E. O. HOPPÉ,
THE WELL-KNOWN
PHOTOGRAPHER, . . .
FOR BRITANNIA .



"AND STRANGE TO TELL, AMONG THAT EARTHEN LOT
SOME COULD ARTICULATE, WHILE OTHERS NOT:
AND, SUDDENLY, ONE MORE IMPATIENT CRIED—
WHO IS THE POTTER, PRAY, AND WHO THE POT?"

"Take a leaf" from a famous Artist's Sketchbook!



By Percy V. Bradshaw.
(Founder and Principal of the Press Art School.)

Can't you feel how he revelled in dashing off these brilliant little studies? Done for the sheer love of Sketching—not for publication—although his work is known all over the English-speaking world.

When I first knew him, he had a job just as ordinary as the average young fellow. His aptitude and enthusiasm, *plus* the guiding inspiration and technique imparted by my Postal Tuition, lifted him out of the rut. He became a famous Advertisement and Press Illustrator.

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You may say, "Where is the proof of all this?" I won't quote the list of famous Artists I have trained—although you can read all about them in my Prospectus. What I should like you to see are the pages of sketches in my Prospectus by Pupils—young Illustrators-in-the-making—showing their work at various stages.

See how wonderful is the progress made from the time they took up my Postal Courses. . . . Notice the first hesitant attempts. . . . then the point when they began to see clearly *why* and *how*; and, finally, the crisp, virile work of the properly-trained Artist.

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Address: Percy V. Bradshaw, Principal,
The PRESS ART SCHOOL (Dept. B.1.)
Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23.



BRIGHTER BRIDGE

An effort to improve the Average Player's Game. Conducted by G. H. W. RAMSEY.

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA as a standard feature of the paper. The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than first post on the Friday following the problem's publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Competition, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

Problem VI.

South deals and calls Two No Trumps. South holds: Spades, A, Q, 3. Hearts, A, Q, 3. Diamonds, A, 6, 5, 4. Clubs, A, 10, 2. North holds: Spades, 6, 4, 2. Hearts, 9, 8, 7. Diamonds, K, J, 10, 8, 2. Clubs, 6, 5. All pass.

The first three Tricks are as follows:—

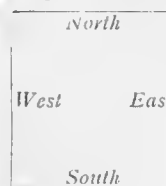
WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.	SOUTH.
C. 4.	C. 5.	C. Q.	C. 2.
C. 3.	C. 6.	C. J.	C. A.

At trick three, South leads the Diamond Ace. West plays the Queen. How should South continue the hand?

Solution to Problem IV.

The problem was as follows:—

- ♠ A, 4, 2.
- ♥ A, 9, 8, 7, 2.
- ♦ K, 9, 4.
- ♣ A, J.



- ♠ K, J, 3.
- ♥ Q, J, 10.
- ♦ A, Q, 5, 3, 2.
- ♣ Q, 6.

South deals and calls One No Trump. West, No Bid. North, Three No Trumps. All pass.

The first three Tricks are as follows:—

WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.	SOUTH.
S. 5.	S. 2.	S. 8.	S. J.
D. 10.	D. 4.	D. 6.	D. 1.
H. 3.	D. K.	D. 7.	D. 2.

Solution of Problem IV.

A great proportion of competitors showed considerable acumen, both in the deductions to be drawn from the three Tricks shown and the method in which those deductions should be applied.

The lead of the Spade 5 combined with the fact that the 2, 3, and 4 are all visible to South, demonstrates that if, as is reasonable, West has made the conventional "fourth-best of his longest and strongest" opening, he has exactly four cards in Spades headed by the Queen.

The fact that West has renounced to the second round in Diamonds shows that he had eight cards, divided between Clubs and Hearts. Since he has no suit longer than four cards (or he would have opened it) it is reasonable to assume that he has four Clubs and four Hearts.

East has, therefore, five Clubs, four Diamonds (the two of which remaining form a perfect fourchette over dummy's nine), three Spades and one Heart.

Now, since West led from a Queen high suit, it seems only reasonable to suppose that East has both Kings. If that be the case, East's one Heart is the King. Tricks 4, 5 and 6 are, therefore: Ace of Hearts, catching the King; Queen of Hearts and Jack of Hearts. Dummy is put in with the Spade Ace at Trick 7, and the two good Hearts led from North for Tricks 8 and 9. East is down to J. 8 of diamonds and K. 10 of Clubs. South holds the Club Queen; the Q. 5 of Diamonds and the King of Spades. At Trick 10 North leads the Spade 4 and East should trust West has the Club Queen. He knows South holds two Diamonds and should bare the King of Clubs. At Trick 11, South leads the Club Queen and plays the Ace from North, felling the King. The last two tricks are won with the Jack of Clubs and the Queen of Diamonds.

Should East have discarded the Diamond to protect his Clubs, South makes the Queen and 5 of Diamonds.

The Prize Winners.

The prize winners for Competition IV are; Miss A. Holmes, Greenmount, Salthill, Galway; Neville P. Edwards, Baddeley Lodge, Littlehampton, Sussex; C. A. Macartney, 108, Regent Park Road, N.W.1; H. E. Dunn, 22, Easton Crescent, Belfast; C. R. B. Murray, 34, Addison Avenue, W.11.

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The PUBLIC SCHOOLS and LAWN TENNIS

By F. GORDON LOWE

Complaints have been made of the apathy and even antagonism of head-masters of public schools to lawn tennis.

MANY keen supporters of lawn tennis will agree with A. E. Beamish, the well-known ex-amateur, in his protest against the lukewarm attitude of some of our headmasters toward the game. From the replies of the latter to a recent enquiry on the subject most of them are against lawn tennis being included in their official school games.

Beamish, quite rightly, contends that lawn tennis is very helpful for a boy from many points of view. His remarks, however, are open to criticism when he says that as much strenuous exercise can be obtained in one minute's lawn tennis as in a day's fielding at cricket. Obviously, Mr. Beamish cannot wish to be taken too literally. He probably means that the amount of beneficial exercise one can get in a very short time at lawn tennis will more than equal a whole day in the field at cricket.

The critic of Beamish who maintains that a minute's lawn tennis could not have the slightest effect on any boy's strength is not necessarily right. One rally at Wimbledon (and the majority of these do not last anything like a minute) as played between Lacoste and Tilden would utterly exhaust many young boys.

A Physical Test.

There is indeed little doubt that a five set single at lawn tennis, with the exception of boxing, is one of the severest physical tests that any athlete can undergo. In support of this a well-known Rugby player, who is also first class at lawn tennis, admits that he finds his summer game the more exacting of the two.

In most games there are intervals when a player can take a comparative rest; not so at lawn tennis, when he must go all out from start to finish, sometimes for two or three hours on end. A match has also often to be played at Wimbledon under a blazing sun, and in the stuffy atmosphere of the crowded Centre Court.

His Greatest Moment.

In describing his greatest moment, C. P. Dixon, the famous veteran, tells an amusing story of how he went to sleep (an old habit of his!) while playing S. M. Jacob at Newport one year. Dixon woke up just in time to find himself love-five and 15-40 down in the final set.

From that moment he played like one possessed and reeled off seven games running for the match. Personally, I should think a greater moment for Dixon must have been in Melbourne in 1912. Then, in spite of eighteen double faults, he managed to defeat Rod Heath in a very important Davis Cup match! His victory meant that England were virtually certain of taking the coveted cup home that year.

Miss Heine's Return.

A popular feature of the coming season will be the presence in Europe of strong South African teams of men and women. This will in a way make up for the absence of the Australians. Louis Raymond the left-hander, will again lead the men. He is an

extremely capable player but just a little below the best French and Americans. Accompanying him are Malcolm and Robbins, two comparatively unknown quantities over here. Condon, who was considered most promising in 1927, will be much missed.

A member of the South African women's team will possibly provide one of the chief attractions of the 1929 Wimbledon. I refer, of course, to Miss Esther Heine, who might easily start a strong second favourite to Miss Wills for the Championship. Miss Heine made a great sensation when she was here in 1927 and astonished the world shortly after her arrival by defeating Senorita de Alvarez in Paris. She is armed for every contingency with beautiful strokes which are produced in the freest manner.

Another favourite, Miss Tapscott, is also returning. The chief feature of her game is quickness and steadiness. Unfortunately, Mrs. Peacock is not coming.

Kozeluh in Request.

Karel Kozeluh, the professional champion, seems much in request at the present time. His engagement to coach the American Davis Cup team before he takes over the training of our men in April is interesting and a sign of the times. In the past International teams have usually trained among themselves or with other amateurs. One would have thought in any case the Americans, of all people, had plenty of talent at home for training purposes without calling in outside help.

Perhaps Kozeluh, however, may be able to give the young Americans, Hennessey and Lott, just that extra accuracy which their attacking methods at present seem to need. Our own men, on the other hand, require more attack. Therefore, Vincent Richards, the famous American, is the sort of player obviously to do them good. Why not let us engage Richards while the Czecho-Slovakian is in America?

The Time Seems Ripe.

Kozeluh has apparently issued a challenge to Cochet, Lacoste or Tilden. He is prepared to meet any one of them in a rubber of three matches, and the proceeds are to be given to charity. In view of this challenge and the continued discussion on their respective merits of the professional champion and the leading amateurs it will be a pity if such a contest cannot be arranged.

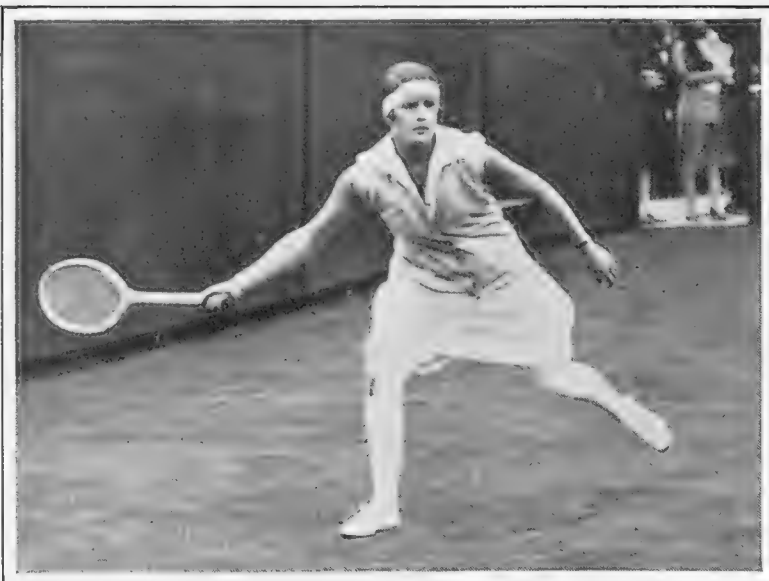
The obvious solution of the difficulty is a competition for amateurs and professionals. Public interest has been thoroughly aroused and an open tournament held in any of the leading capitals of Europe would be sure to draw enormous gates. As it is, there are faint rumours coming from the States that such a meeting may be staged there next autumn, either at Germantown or Forest Hill.

Cheaper Balls.

The L.T.A., although they broke all precedents by delving into the business side of the game, certainly rendered players a service when they introduced an official ball on the market at the low price of 15s. 6d. a dozen. The effect of this measure in 1928 has been far-reaching, and in 1929 all the well-known manufacturers' prices are down. The Slazenger ball, which again has been adopted for Wimbledon, is 2s. cheaper per dozen than formerly, while the Dunlop ball, again to be used in the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup, is down, too. The Spalding, also extremely good value, has been at the low price of 16s. for the past year. Other manufacturers who are coming into line this season are Ayres, Wisdens and Henleys.



JOHN HENNESSEY and GEORGE LOTT, two probable members of the American Davis Cup team whom Karel Kozeluh will coach.



MISS ESTHER HEINE, the South African lawn tennis player, who may start second favourite to Miss Wills at Wimbledon this year.

BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

The Cure for Unemployment.

The amazing thing really about Miss Lawrence's article on Unemployment is the fact that such an article is necessary. And yet it is necessary. It is bitterly true that unemployment has been permitted to continue in the hope that "something will turn up," to put a stop to it.

Miss Lawrence, however, did not go quite far enough. She ably pointed out that the education authorities must be lacking in energy and imagination to suggest that the machine of education was unable to cope with the additional nine hundred thousand children that would come under their jurisdiction if the school age was advanced to 16.

Politicians do not refuse to involve their country in a war on the grounds that the machine is incapable of handling the millions of men that are required. Wars are not postponed for several years in order to give the machine time to mobilise a sufficient force.

One can only suppose that the inertia displayed by all the recent governments is due to their failure to appreciate the seriousness of unemployment.

Unemployment can be immediately arrested by acting upon the suggestions offered by Miss Lawrence. But it will inevitably return unless the fundamental cause of it is removed. The fundamental cause is that the population of these islands is increasing faster than industry can absorb it. The removal of the cause is either to take steps to increase industry or to arrest the increase of the population.—H. B. BUSH.

The Dominions and Westminster.

Lord Strathspey's article advocating representation of the Dominions at Westminster is interesting, but I am afraid the march of Democracy at home and in the Dominions has been too great during the last 20 years for such a proposal to find favour. I can imagine that 30 or 40 years ago it would have been possible, but not now.

I do not think, for one moment, that the Dominions would consent to their problems being settled or even discussed in a British Parliament, and, likewise, I cannot conceive that our House of Commons would be agreeable to have domestic affairs debated and voted on by representatives of outside interests.

I have discussed the reasons for the apparent indifference of the Dominions with statesmen and commercial men in Canada and Australia, and the main grievance is that Great Britain (in their view) does so very little to help their primary industries.

The Dominions have given practical proof of their sympathies with the motherland in their preferential tariffs, but under our Free Trade system we cannot reciprocate to any appreciable extent. If we were able to tax food and raw materials (which are the main industries of the Dominions) and gave a preference, they consider they could develop to a greater extent, but they declare there is nothing for them now but to rely on their own resources. Hence the appointment of Ministers to and treaties with foreign countries, and the rise of local manufactures within high tariff walls.—DAWSON HAZEL.

Mediæval English Piety.

Are we readers to be told the truth? Apparently not if "Subscriber from First Issue" has his way, for his partisan letter rebuking "BRITANNIA'S Diarist" is, it may be taken, an example of how the Catholic Church of Mediæval England should be alluded to in future editions, if at all. If it is good and true suppress it!

Observe, there is no complaint of Diarist's inaccuracy in any way, but only that he dares to refer, and that without abuse, to our forefathers who were Roman Catholics. It may be added, those who built our great cathedrals.

It is certain the big hit scored by BRITANNIA is due to its bold breadth of vision and wonderful comprehensiveness of subjects. May it ever flourish on these lines, a joy to busy men who, when they read, want the truth—palatable or not.—J. F. M.

Alcohol and Liberalism.

I disagree with you when you say that Lord Beaverbrook is rather unkind in suggesting that the Liberal Party should adopt prohibition. They have already adopted Local Option which, after all, is only a piecemeal form of prohibition.

To my mind it is strange that a Party professedly in favour of freedom and liberty should adopt a policy which infringes individual liberty, as local option does, and this one thing more than any other will prevent this Party's return to popular favour.—W. GRACEY.

The Channel Tunnel.

The construction of this tunnel may be desirable, but its principal advocates stand on no higher ground than that of money-making; quotations for shares in the company show that someone has already profited. Opponents are influenced only by a sense of duty and patriotic motives.

Mr. Frederick Heath expresses irresponsible and uninstructed views; his summary of naval and military objections is a travesty of fact. The defence of a tunnel would be more difficult now than before modern developments of aircraft and long-ranging guns, it is largely a strategical question. For one without expert authority to ridicule the views of responsible experienced naval and military heads of the services is absurd.

Political and commercial advantages may outweigh military disadvantages, but the only competent responsible body to settle this question is the Committee of Imperial Defence, who certainly know more about it than any of us.

Would the financiers bear the cost of extra armaments for direct and indirect defence, or is this to fall on the taxpayer? —R. G. BURTON, *Brig.-General*.

Getting Drunk on Prohibition.

Having read, and re-read, Mr. Hugo N. Bolton's article "Getting Drunk on Prohibition," and having lived for nearly 20 years in the U.S.A., I am forced to admit the correctness of his statements, however much I am impelled to disagree with his conclusions. For, even if one grants that Mr. Bolton has maintained his thesis, is not that the greatest possible condemnation of his contribution?

Mr. Bolton argues that the majority of a country having broken one of its laws and having, in the process of breaking, also debased the social amenities and smiled upon its own degradation, will by natural re-action regain its poise, balance, lawfulness and decency. I submit that this idea is vicious in the extreme; as, allowing that Mr. Bolton is correct, we must also allow that the re-action can never be great enough, or vital or deep enough, to eradicate from the systems of the community those germs of disrepute and lawlessness acquired in the original disease.

It would appear that the argument of the article is that there is great virtue in becoming decent through indecency. May heaven save this country from the "decencies" of Prohibition and allow us to remain "indecently respectable."—STANLEY DARK.

Migration Successes and Failures.

On behalf of the hundreds of Little Brothers now happily settled throughout Australia I feel I must protest against the insults of your correspondents R. E. Ford and Bert Huffman.

Why should our colonies have the impression that the English youth of to-day is a spoon-fed inanimate, lacking backbone, courage, and stamina to undertake the hardships of a new country, just because a few of the grumblers who could not make good at home or anywhere else revile the colony they chose and thus create wrong impressions on their return?

I would say without fear of contradiction that out of the hundreds of Little Brothers in Australia there are only a very few who are not happy and content, and these are either totally unsuited to farming or else are confirmed slackers.

With the Big Brother Movement behind them they do not have the uncertainties, hardship or failures that R. E. Ford mentions, and they desire nothing else but to see their parents and friends out with them enjoying life as they do.—Norman J. Robertson (Little Brother).

AUTO- ANTICIPATIONS

By the HON. VICTOR and MRS. BRUCE

ALTHOUGH it is, perhaps, a little early in the year to be worrying about where to go for the summer holidays, motorists especially would do well to begin considering the matter now. All the favourite touring districts are going to be unusually crowded during their respective "seasons" this year, and there are many reasons why considerable advantage may lie with choice of an early holiday.

Holidays Abroad.

ARAPIDLY growing army of British motorists is taking to spending that holiday abroad. It is becoming more generally known that a car which will run reliably and well in this country is quite suitable for foreign touring; that the cost of the latter is little, if any, greater than a tour of the same magnitude at home—excepting, of course for the transportation charges; and that language difficulties are more imaginary than real.

The "see England (and Scotland, Ireland and Wales, of course) first" brigade may not welcome this tendency, and may be severely down upon us for advocating a foreign tour as a very pleasant way of spending the annual holiday.

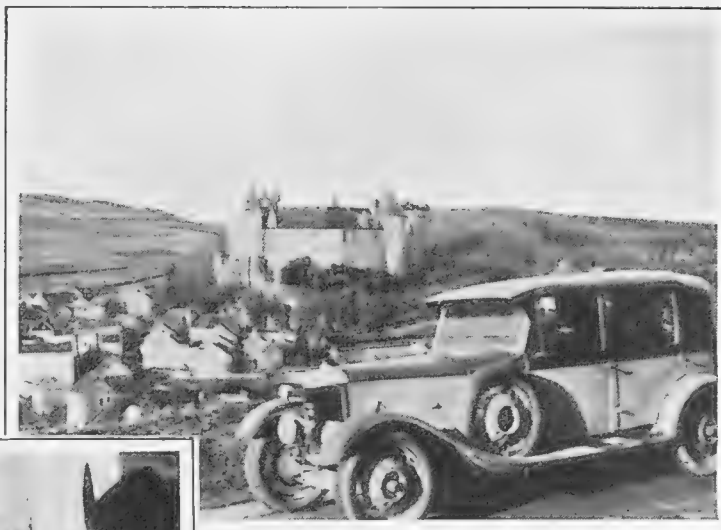
Road Conditions.

ONE effect of a foreign tour, and one that can only be welcomed, is to make the motorist more tolerant of road conditions, traffic laws and so on at home. Grumble as we may, Britain is still well in the forefront of highway development; and even though in these columns we have repeatedly urged the road authorities to recognise the fact that their development schemes are not progressing at a rate that can keep pace with the development in the use of motor cars, other countries are still farther behind.

If conditions everywhere abroad are not yet perfect, from the British light car point of view, efforts to make them so are general, and many thousands of miles are open to the British tourist, no matter how inexpensive his car, who cares to take the plunge.

The Cost of Foreign Touring.

JUST as the cost of licence and insurance, and sometimes garage fees as well, are the principal hindrances to still a more general use of motor cars, so the "overheads" of a foreign tour act as a deterrent. It may not be realised, however, that a considerable improvement in this matter has taken place within the past twelve months. Whereas the mail steamers maintain their inordinately high



ON THE ROAD TO THE SUNNY SOUTH.
La Rochept with its romantic chateau.



ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER! How they
ship cars from Tangier to Gibraltar.

charges for the transport of cars across the Channel, the Townsend service now conveys a car to and from Calais at precisely half the cost. It is stated, however, that as a result of this effective competition, the railway company contemplates putting on a similar service this year.

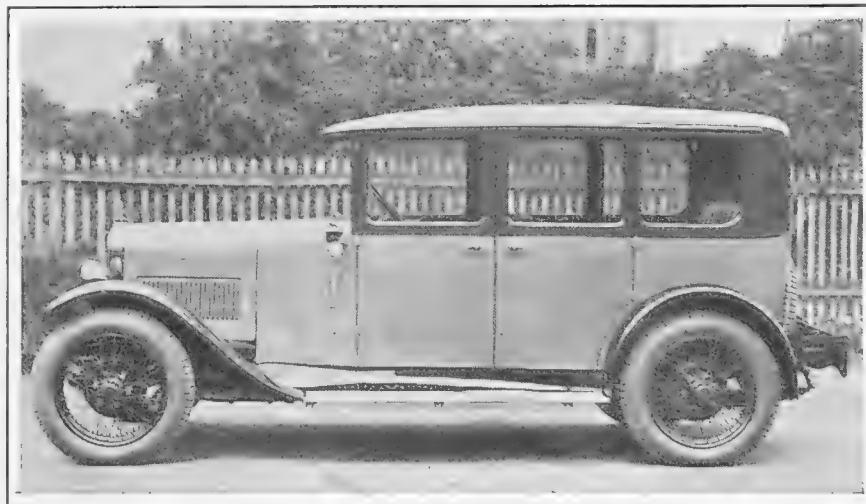
It may be interesting to quote actual figures of cost, taking a typical car, of a wheelbase exceeding 9 ft. 6 in., but less than 10 ft. 6 in., as an example. The freight is £8 10s. each way on the mail steamers and £8 10s. return per Townsend. The vessel used on the latter service is not a passenger vessel, so it is usually advisable to travel personally by the ordinary route, at a cost, first class return, of £1 19s. per person. The various charges for the international pass, triptyque, landing charges, agents' fees, etc., total £3, while insurance premiums against a proportion of the customs duty, in case the car is re-imported into England, account for approximately another pound, according to the value of the car. And, finally, there is the £50 deposit, returnable when the car returns to England properly cleared through the customs, which the R.A.C. and the A.A. hold, more or less as a guarantee of good faith.

When Crossing the Channel.

MENTION of these different charges suggests that the process of taking a car across the Channel is a complicated affair, but actually it is simplicity itself—provided that one is a member

of the A.A. or one of the recognised automobile clubs. In fact, it is not too much to say that such membership is essential, for the worry of the various formalities is taken entirely off one's shoulders. The prospective tourist merely drops in at Fanum House and signifies his intentions, preferably taking with him his registration book (for the sake of the chassis and engine number inscribed thereon) and his driving licence. If his impedimenta includes also two photographs of himself and his cheque book, the business can be completed on the spot. And that is that.

(Continued on page 56)



THE AUSTIN LIGHT SIX.

AUTO - ANTICIPATIONS

(Continued from page 55.)

THE popularity of the Austin "Twelve" has been so phenomenal that the success of its more refined edition, with its 16-h.p. and six cylinders, was a foregone conclusion. It is natural that the two cars should be compared; natural, also, that the comparison should be in favour of the six cylinder model—though the real Austin "Twelve" enthusiast is not at all ready to admit that his car is capable of improvement in any respect!

The "Sixteen," as a matter of fact, is an unmistakable development of the "Twelve," both in appearance and handling, and except for the greater power and superior smoothness of running it would be difficult to tell which model one happened to be driving. The same light steering, with a praiseworthy absence of road shock and an adequate self-centring action; the same light clutch and brake controls, and (on the model tested) the same short, sturdy gear lever distinguishes both.

The Austin, as ever, appears to take an unusually long time to warm up, but when the engine has got into its stride, its acceleration, even at very low engine speeds on top gear, is remarkably good. Apart from a tendency to hesitate at one particular point in the throttle opening—due, of course, to slightly faulty carburetter adjustment—there is no real need to change gear in traffic except for an actual halt, and even then the car will pick up steadily and smoothly from a start in third. The engine appears to possess no noticeable vibration period at any speed, and is just as quiet when travelling at fifty or more miles an hour as when pottering along in the twenties.

Trying Out the Austin Light "Six."

Engine	..	..	Six cylinders, 65.5 m.m. bore, 111 m.m. stroke; 2244 C.C.
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Carburetter	..	..	Zenith.
Cooling	..	..	Pump and fan.
Clutch	..	..	Disc.
Gearbox	..	..	Four speeds, central control.
Suspension	..	..	Semi-elliptic, front and rear.
Electrical system	..	..	C.A.V.
Price	..	..	Chassis, £235; saloon, £365½.

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WEIGHED IN *By "Blackfriar"*

The decision to charge for admission to Trundle Hill at Goodwood is causing some controversy in racing circles.

A GOOD deal of discussion has been created in racing circles by the statement that the Duke of Richmond and Gordon has decided that Trundle Hill, that famous point of vantage on Goodwood racecourse, shall no longer be free to the public, but that in future a small charge for admission will be made to cover the cost of policing and scavenging the ground. Exactly what has induced His Grace to contemplate changing a custom that has obtained for a century I do not pretend to know, but it is safe to say that the step will not be popular, no matter how insignificant the charge may be.

The psychology of the racing crowd is peculiar, and though Goodwood is, of course, a privately-owned track, the habitués of Trundle Hill are likely to regard this suggestion as an affront to themselves and a violation of old-established principles, and boycott the spot at the next meeting.

I see that one writer, in adversely criticising the scheme the other day, drew attention to the remark of the late Sir Edward Hulton that the meeting had been known to yield a profit of £40,000. What basis the newspaper magnate had for his assertion was not stated, but I should very much doubt whether that figure was ever approached even when money was flowing to the turf like water. During the slump of the last year or two I believe it is a fact that the meeting has barely covered expenses, and it is no doubt this circumstance that has dictated the Duke's decision.

The Acceptances.

The handicappers responsible for the compilation of the weights for the various spring handicaps will have found cause for

mutual congratulation in the way owners regarded their work. The number of withdrawals were remarkably few. The disappearance of the American crack, Reigh Count, caused little surprise. I could never make out why he was entered. Nor did the fact that Pondicherry was not accepted with cause me a shock. I am sure his disappearance will save backers from losing much good money.

Lord Glanely is seemingly content with the weight accorded Capture Him, his other entrant. Aged horses have rarely made much of a show in the race, however. In addition Capture Him has never shown ability to get a mile. All his victories have been gained over six or seven furlongs, and though the Lincoln mile is generally considered an easy one that is not my opinion.

I was rather surprised that Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen took out his consistent mare, Syntony. She wound up her three-year-old career in great style by beating a good-class field for the Grosvenor Cup at Liverpool under 8 st. 3 lb., and did not seem badly treated here. But it may be that the tobacco millionaire has something better in store for the daughter of Planet. In any case he still has a good representative in Saint Fortunat.

Thackeray's Objective.

In addition to Reigh Count notable withdrawals from the Liverpool Cup were Baytown, O'Curry, Thackeray, and Mr. Washington Singer's pair, Plantago and Lucky Tor. Mr. S. B. Joel, the owner of Thackeray, has left in Trelawny and the disappointing Pantera, who has already made several unsuccessful attempts to win a Liverpool Cup. I imagine Trelawny will be his sheet anchor, though such a huge horse may find some difficulty in getting round the turns of this track.

But I shall be more interested in Thackeray's effort at Lincoln. His disappearance from the Liverpool event con-

Week-End Selections.

MANCHESTER, FRIDAY.

Paddock Hurdle.—Master Dabber.
Northern Hurdle Race.—Checktaker.
Knott Mill Hcp. Hurdle.—Corlach.
The 1rk Steeplechase.—Sultan of Wirken.
February Hcp. Steeplechase.—Roman Road.
City Selling Hurdle.—Langside.

MANCHESTER, SATURDAY.

Grand Allies Steeplechase.—Koko.
Saturday S. Hurdle.—Connie Duff.
Ellesmere Steeplechase.—Kilreckle.
Egerton Hcp. Hurdle.—Ponorogo.
County Hcp. Steeplechase.—Patron Saint.

firms the impression I have already conveyed that he, and not Fohanaun, will be the hope of the stable there.

Patron Saint Out of the "National."

Mr. E. A. C. Topham must have been specially pleased with the Grand National acceptance. To find 104 candidates standing their ground out of an original entry of 121 was a rare feather in his cap. There is still the second acceptance to come, but at the moment it looks very much as if the field for this annual gamble will have to be sent off in two batches next month.

I mentioned last week that I thought the handicapper had been rather harsh on Patron Saint. Evidently the owner, Mr. F. W. Keen, who is a well-known business man in the Midlands, was of the same opinion. I believe this smart young 'chaser is thoroughly well, so it must have been that 12 stone that caused his withdrawal.

The remainder of the withdrawals mattered little; but it is difficult to understand why half a dozen of those on the minimum mark should have gone out. If it was not intended to make some effort to run them why were they entered at all? Their owners could hardly grumble at the weight allotted. Still, their disappearance will be all the better for the race. There are quite a lot more whom we should be glad to see follow suit.



'CHASING' AT KEMPTON. Well over the first hurdle in the Sunbury Hurdle Race, which was won by Mr. B. Warner's Zero.

A FARM in Your GARDEN

The Art of Agriculture for the Town-Dweller.

By E. T. BROWN

TO live in the country and possess a little land is the intense longing of nearly all of those who are condemned to spend their lives in our towns and cities. The free and open-air life of the country suggests a great contrast to the artificiality and hustle of the town-dweller's daily round, a contrast which appeals in a variety of ways. To practise the agricultural art, even though only the minor branches of the industry be followed, affords an entire change of thought and outlook and appeals with an irresistible force to those who have to spend their days in an industrial environment.

A Farm in Miniature.

But there is no need for the town-dweller to despair. A miniature farm within the confines of a moderate-sized garden is a practical possibility. A farm on which high-grade milk, meat, fowls and eggs can be produced throughout the year can be established for a comparatively small outlay. The produce, too, is better and cheaper than that sold in any retail store.

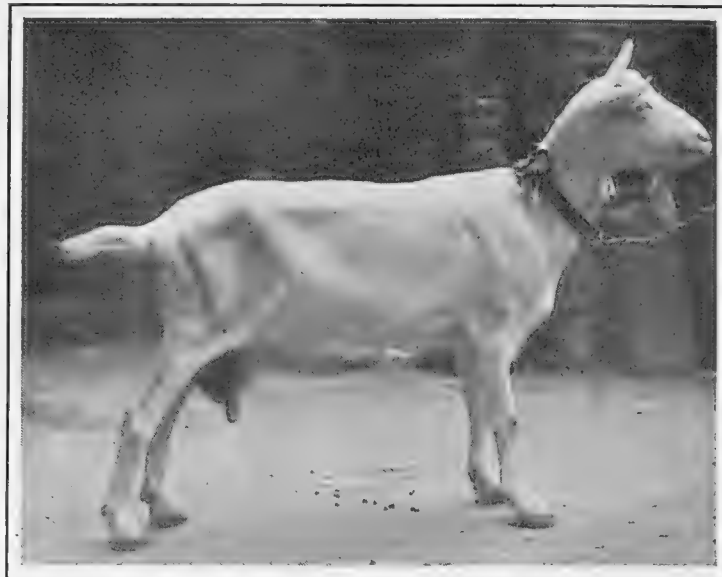
This may appear to some to savour of Utopia. But it is not so. It is a suggestion that can be carried out by anyone who has a love for live stock. Sympathy with nature and her laws is the most important factor making for success. Experience can be gained as time goes on: failure and success in the early stages can be put to good account in following seasons.

Let us consider what produce it is intended to raise and how best this can be accomplished. Goats will produce milk and also give a regular supply of succulent meat in the form of kid flesh. Rabbits will eke out the milk supply, while the pelts secured will prove a profitable side-line. Squabs—baby pigeons—are available at all times

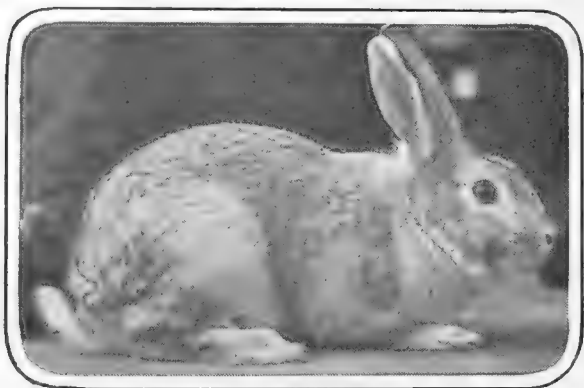
The Goat Herd.

Goat's milk is not only richer in butterfat than cow's milk, but it is more easily digested; it is better suited to the need of children and invalids; and—most important of all—it is tubercle-free. A good milking goat will yield three quarts a day during the period of heavy lactation. The lactation period, however, is shorter than that of a cow, and consequently it is necessary to keep three nannies to maintain a constant supply. Nannies are in no way objectionable, but the same cannot always be said of a billie. No male need be bought, however; the services of a sire can easily be obtained when required.

The most suitable breed for the beginner is the Anglo-Nubian. When experience has been gained, the more expensive Toggenburg breed may be introduced. The suggestion is that the goats should be kept on the "soiling" system; that is, they should be stall fed. Even when all food must be bought, the milk can be produced at a low cost. Each nanny will breed twice in little more than a year, and thus five kids at least will be available every twelve months. Kids are ready for killing when three weeks old. After this time, all the milk yielded by the nanny is available for the house.



An Anglo-Nubian goat. The most suitable breed for the beginner.



A good dual purpose rabbit—a prize-winning Chinchilla.

during ten out of the twelve months. A moderate-sized flock of laying fowls will not only yield all the eggs needed by the average household, but will in turn give *petits poussins*—six weeks' old chickens—roasting fowls and boilers. By buying Aylesbury duck eggs in season ducklings can be obtained during the spring.

Table and Fur Rabbits.

Rabbits are remarkably rapid breeders. Three does and a buck are an excellent number to keep, for they will produce eight or nine young in each litter and breeding can be carried on throughout the year. The youngsters are weaned when six to seven weeks old and are ready for the table when from thirteen to fifteen weeks.

Among the best dual purpose rabbits are the Beveren, Chinchilla and Havana. They make magnificent carcasses, carrying an abundance of high quality flesh, while their pelts realise a good price for curing. If not sold they may be cured at home and fashioned into a variety of useful articles. If it be

thought undesirable to bother with the pelt side of the business a table breed may be kept, such as the English, Flemish Giant or Belgian Hare. The purely table breeds are rather larger and more prolific than the dual purpose varieties.

The does and buck are best housed under cover, a small shed serving the purpose

admirably. When housed in the open, winter breeding is liable to be less satisfactory.

Eggs and Chickens Galore.

A good strain of laying fowls will average from 170 to 200 eggs per annum. A flock of fifty birds—twenty-five pullets and twenty-five hens—will yield a constant

supply of new-laid eggs. The season's laying begins about the middle of October and continues until the late summer. During the flush season—March, April and May—a proportion of the eggs may be preserved in water-glass or lime water and held over until September and October, when the yield is generally low.

There are many breeds eminently suited for egg production on the intensive system, but for the purpose under discussion I regard the White Wyandotte as supreme. This breed is a first-class winter layer of good-sized, nicely tinted eggs. The main reason, however, for its recommendation is that the chickens carry a large amount of flesh from the time they are six weeks old. With very little extra preparation they can be killed at all ages.

It has been suggested that the laying flock should consist of half pullets and half hens. The laying life of a hen is only two seasons. By keeping the proportion suggested one-half of the flock can be renewed annually. That is, the necessary number of pullet chickens can be raised each spring to take the place of the discarded hens.

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TURKEY'S NEW ALPHABET

So few among the Turks were able to read or write that newspapers were read aloud in the cafés, and scribes plied a profitable trade in the bazaars.



But Mustapha Kemal has now ordained a "Latin" alphabet, which all Turks under the age of forty must learn. They attend official classes, where stoutish men find the desks a tight fit.



Turkish women must be educated as well as unveiled. This lady is faithful to the old fashion but, in accordance with the presidential fiat, keeps her face uncovered.



The children, of course, have the best of it, and will soon know as much as their masters. In many instances they are already able to read fluently in the new script, but older Turks find it more difficult, and, faced with severe penalties for failure, pursue their studies at odd moments in odd places.



LONDON PROFESSIONAL CLUBS' GOOD F.A. CUP DAY.



Forty-two thousand spectators saw West Ham beat the Corinthians by 3-0 at Upton Park. The photograph above shows the Corinthians attacking. Left: The captains, A. G. Boxer, Corinthians, and S. Earle, West Ham, shake hands. In the centre is the referee, Mr. A. J. Prince-Cox.



Miller heads Chelsea's only goal which gave them the victory over Birmingham.

You and your Money

K37/A95617
London May 30th 1928.
COUNTRIDGE AVENUE, W.C.1.

By A. G. WALSH

MR. REGINALD McKENNA, as chairman of the Midland Bank, has sprung a mild surprise upon the City, for instead of following his usual practice of making some important financial or economic topic the main theme of his speech to the shareholders, he gave them a peep behind the scenes of banking.

Our banking system in general and our credit policy in particular are so little understood by the "man in the street" that I feel that the banks ought to afford the public an insight into the working of the monetary machine.

Outside of financial circles few people really appreciate the important part played by the banks in the financing of industry.

And they fail to realise that a close agreement exists between business conditions and the proportion of current accounts to total deposits.

IN examining the results achieved by the great banks in the past year, the first thing that strikes one is the substantial increase of deposits.

Ordinarily, this would be regarded as an accompaniment of expanding trade. But this has not been so; in fact, the business of the country last year showed no material improvement over 1927.

Thus there is an apparent discordance between monetary and trade conditions which normally are closely related.

At first sight we might find the answer to the problem in a general rise in the price level, which would bring into circulation a greater volume of money. But the price level has actually fallen in the past year.

Failing this explanation, Mr. McKenna suggested we should look next to a decline in the velocity of money circulation, which probably in fact, offers a partial solution.

Trade and Bank Deposits.

ONLY a banker can give a full understanding of this problem, because he is in possession of facts not disclosed in the bank figures ordinarily published.

Let me make this point clear. A bank balance-sheet describes under a single head two kinds of liability of the bank to its customers. That is, money held on current account, immediately withdrawable by cheque, and money conveniently described as "time deposits" (money lodged for a definite period).

Now, demand deposits are essentially money in active use in business; time deposits have more of the character of money awaiting investment.

Naturally demand deposits should rise or fall according to the state of trade.

And they do. The variations in the proportion of demand to total deposits presents a striking parallelism with the figures of employment and other indices of trade activity.

It might, therefore, be argued that the gradual transfer in recent years of money from current account to deposit account clearly demonstrates that influences other than trade are responsible for the increased volume of money supplies.

There is close agreement between business conditions and the proportion of current account to total deposits, but as the two items, current and deposit accounts, are lumped together in a bank balance-sheet, the public cannot observe this relationship as the banker does.

Money for Industry.

HOW do the large banks employ their resources? Time and again suggestions are put forward that industry is starved for the lack of credit; that bankers prefer to finance speculation at higher interest rates; and that there is little money for agriculture.

Banks readily grant credits to industry; but only to the extent that prudence permits.

So far as the Midland Bank is concerned (and I believe that the position is much the same in regard to other banks) Mr. McKenna

takes 6½ per cent. of the total. Private and professional advances aggregate 6½ per cent.

Banks discourage loans purely for a speculative purpose, and the amount of money advanced for Stock Exchange requirements is but a moderate percentage of the whole.

These percentages, perhaps, do not convey to you the substantial amounts of the advances described above; but when I explain that 5 per cent. of the total represents just over £10-million you will be better able to appreciate exactly what they mean to the industries enumerated.

Here are the deposits and advances shown in the latest accounts of the leading banks:

Bank.	Deposits.	Advances.
	£	£
Midland ..	394,591,227	214,050,972
Lloyds ..	352,157,420	187,155,085
Barclays ..	335,081,223	168,620,475
Westminster..	294,086,580	149,098,900
National		
Provincial ..	290,310,253	150,523,520

The Tobacco Bonus.

JUST after last week's issue had gone to press, the Imperial Tobacco Company's bonus proposal was announced. By now most of my readers probably know the terms.

Briefly, each holder of ordinary shares is to receive, free, one new share for every four held. In terms of cash this represents a gift of about 27s. a share to the shareholders.

As many people have no idea as to how this value is arrived at, let me explain. At the moment of writing, Imperial Tobaccos are quoted at 137s. The combined value of four shares is £27 8s. When the bonus is given effect to, each unit of four shares will become five shares.

As no money is being put up (the bonus comes out of the reserve), there will be no addition to the assets. Accordingly, in practice, the market value of each unit of four shares, plus one bonus share (that is, five shares in all), should be the same as for every four existing shares.

Thus, instead of the above sum of £27 8s., representing four shares, it will, after the bonus is made, represent the market value of five shares, if the market price, in the meantime, of the shares does not alter.

Dividing that sum by 5, you will arrive at a price of approximately 109s. 6d. for each share. The difference between this and the current quotation represents the cash value of the bonus.

How Fortunes are Made.

WITHIN the past fourteen years the Imperial Tobacco Co. has made four issues of free bonus shares. Those who bought prior to 1916, and still hold the shares, must have made small fortunes.

A holder of 100 shares in 1915 received a bonus of an additional 100 shares in 1916, thus increasing the holding to 200. In

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

is able to show that trade and industry receive their full measure of banking accommodation.

OF the Midland's total advances the textile industry accounts for 12½ per cent., or one-eighth. Loans for building and land purposes amount to 11½ per cent. of the total.

An equal percentage is made up of loans to wholesale and retail traders. The Midland has 33,000 loans of this particular character. This at once indicates the wide extension of credit given for the distribution of goods.

Next come the heavy industries, which take 7½ per cent. of the loans. Agriculture

YOU AND YOUR MONEY—*continued.*

As companies are taken over so the capital will be increased proportionately. The object of the new undertaking is to put the Lancashire cotton industry on a sound footing by bringing under one organisation a large number of spinning mills. I understand that the Bank of England will give financial aid.

Bradford Dyers.

WHILE on the subject of textiles I may as well remind you that the report of Bradford Dyers is due towards the end of this month.

I understand that the company has had quite a satisfactory year; but the market is not disposed to indulge in any dividend estimates, and in view of conditions generally in Lancashire, is resigned to the mere repetition of the previous dividend of 10 per cent.

This seems to explain the "stickiness" of the quotation around 45s. 6d.

MY recommendation of Courtaulds has come home sooner than I expected. The shares have been changing hands over 5. Should the price advance another few shillings it might be discreet to take profits.

There is no doubt in my mind that eventually Courtaulds will be worth much more; but the immediate course of the shares is likely to be governed more by the yield afforded by the coming dividend than by the company's potentialities.

Gas Dividends.

AS if in support of my contention in last week's issue that the large gas undertakings

are as prosperous as ever, in face of the competition from electricity, comes the news of an increase in the dividend of the Gas Light and Coke Company.

The half-year's distribution is to be at the rate of £5 12s. per cent., the highest yet. For the previous half-year £5 10s. per cent. was paid, so that the total for the year is £5 11s. per cent.

Gas Light and Coke stock is quoted in £1 units around par. As future dividends are more likely to be on a gradually ascending scale than stationary, the stock merits the attention of the careful investor.

Other Industrial Pointers.

I AM told that Mead, the cycle firm, is likely to pay an interim dividend of 4 per cent. this month.

Although established in 1902, the business was not converted into a public company until the end of 1927. For many years past substantial profits have been earned.

As a low-priced industrial, the 5s. shares appear to me to have possibilities around 5s. 6d. All the capital is in ordinary shares and there are no debentures.

Pinchin Johnson shares—an old favourite of mine—have been changing hands around 8½. My advice is to keep them. I am still confident that that long-predicted share bonus is in sight.

S.T.D. Motors is another share which appears to be worth keeping for the present. The annual report will be out shortly and I understand that it will disclose an improvement in the company's position.

For Irish Investors.

NOWADAYS, the flotation of an investment trust company calls for no special comment. But the Nineteen Twenty Nine Invest-

ment Trust differs from existing trust companies in that it makes a special appeal to Irish investors.

It is not intended to concentrate upon Irish securities and the trust will conduct its business on the general lines of a sound investment trust. The idea is simply to give Irish investors an opportunity of participating in a promising investment trust by giving them preferential allotment of the shares offered.

It is extremely difficult to obtain an allotment of shares in a newly-formed trust of this standing, unless you can get your application in just before the subscription lists open. Distance is the drawback that confronts Irish investors in that respect, and I am sure they will welcome the opportunity afforded them.

The influential English and Irish banking interests associated with the new trust should assure it of a measure of success in its early career.

Cross-currents in Oil.

IT is difficult to know what to make of the oil situation. On the one hand, we have the alarming increase in the United States' output and the cut in the prices of certain grades of crude oil. These are the unfavourable influences from the share market point of view.

On the other hand, there is the possibility of an agreement being reached before long between the big groups on the curtailment of production. This is the favourable aspect upon which the market has been banking for so long.

I am hopeful. It appears to be only a matter of time before the large producers come all into line. I understand that the obstacle that is preventing the completion of the negotiations can be surmounted.



Photo: Vandyk

LORD BIRKENHEAD
and CITROËN CARS

I HAVE, as you know, owned two Citroën cars, each of which has given me the greatest satisfaction. In ordering your new Six-Cylinder car, of which I have the most excellent reports, I derive pleasure from two different sources; one, I am acquiring an admirable car; two, through the wholesome action of our safeguarding policy I am (as an Englishman) able to illustrate the advantage of inducing foreign capital to acquire plant and employ labour in this country."

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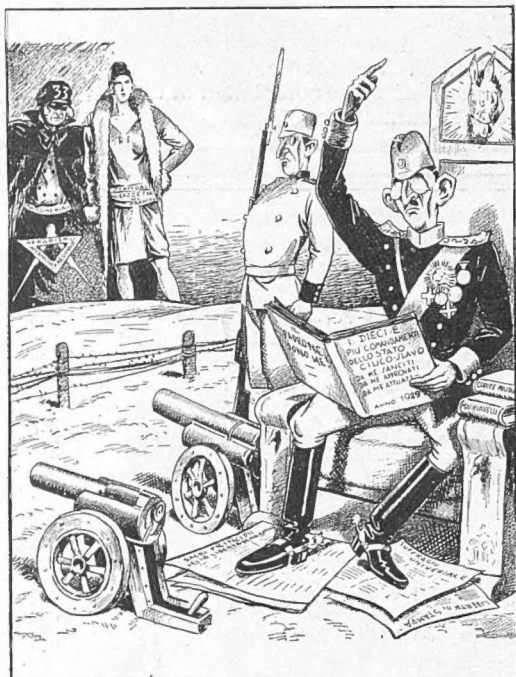
Birkenhead.

Six-Cylinder Saloon £295 Safety Saloon £335 Weymann Sportsman's Coupé £345 13-30 h.p. 4-Cylinder Saloon £255

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK.



TAKING IT SERIOUSLY AT LAST. A woman in the U.S.A. has got a "lifer" for selling liquor. —(New York World.)



JUGO-SLAVIA THROUGH ITALIAN EYES. Freemasonry: "What does your sister, Italy, think of this affair?" Marianne: "Oh, she draws the line at that." —(Il 420, Florence.)

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK.



AN UNENVIABLE RECORD. A suggestion for a New Year resolution for the U.S.A. —(New York Tribune.)



GERMANY LEADS—In the International Disarmament race though only equipped with a scooter. France and other nations follow—in a Tank. —(Kladderadatsch, Berlin.)

Use **MAZDA** LAMPS and see things in the right light

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